

Music & Letters

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Music and Letters

JULY, 1926.

VOLUME VII.

NUMBER 3

EDITORIAL NOTE

MAY I draw attention to a short article by Mr. Bagenal on the acoustics of churches, and express a hope that organists or any who possess accurate knowledge will send answers to the questions at the end of it, addressing them to the Editor? Such information will be interesting to musicians and useful to architects. Any answers that may come in will be sent on to Mr. Bagenal, who hopes to embody the results in an article in a future number of this magazine. If a sufficient number are sent by Aug. 1, the article will appear in the October number.

May I also remind competitors for a translation prize, the conditions of which were announced in the January number of *MUSIC AND LETTERS*, that the latest date for sending in (to Major W. M. Marsden, c/o *MUSIC AND LETTERS*, 22, Essex Street, W.C. 2) is Sept. 25th?

BUSONI'S "DOCTOR FAUST"

FROM the time that Busoni went back to live in Berlin in the autumn of 1920 until his death in the summer of 1924 the composition of his opera "Doctor Faust" was his main preoccupation. He had published the libretto of it in the summer of 1920, and two studies for the music, the "Sarabande" and "Cortège," had already been performed in public. London heard them early, thanks to Sir Henry Wood's devoted admiration for Busoni, not only as a pianist, but as a composer. But the rest of the score remained a mystery, except to a very few of the composer's most intimate circle. He spoke less and less willingly about it as it more and more completely absorbed his entire energies. During his last illness it seems to have haunted him in the same sort of way that the *Requiem* haunted Mozart; he identified Faust's death with his own, and sometimes felt (so I have been told) that the completion of the opera would mean the completion of his own life. Be that as it may, he never lived to compose the final scene, and he left practically no indication of how he intended to treat it. The rest of the opera was there on paper to the last note; there was no instrumentation of rough sketches to be done. It had been settled for some time that the opera was to be first brought out at Dresden; Alfred Reucker, who succeeded Scheidemann as Intendant, had been Director of the Opera at Zurich during the war and had discussed the production of the opera in detail with Busoni while he was living there. The performance at Dresden was naturally delayed by the difficult problem that arose from the unfinished state of the work. No Italian or German composer of recognised standing could have attempted its completion with any chance of success; the change of style would have been too disastrously evident. Most of Busoni's own composition pupils, gifted as some of them undoubtedly are, were too young to have had the necessary experience, an experience intellectual as well as technical. The only musician who could possibly be considered seriously for the task was Philipp Jarnach.* For a long time he refused to undertake the responsibility, but finally yielded to the pressure of Busoni's

* Philipp Jarnach, son of a Catalan father and a Belgian mother, was born and educated in France, but has always kept his Spanish nationality. During the war he went to Switzerland, where he worked with Busoni, and eventually followed him to Berlin, where he still resides.

family and intimate friends, and the opera was eventually staged for the first time at the Dresden Opera House on May 21, 1925.

"Doctor Faust" was the fruit of long years of meditation. As a born Italian Busoni had in quite early life felt drawn towards the theatre. As early as 1884, when he was eighteen, he had corresponded with Brahms' friend, J. V. Widmann, with a view to his dramatizing Gottfried Keller's story of "The Village Romeo and Juliet," which afterwards was made into an opera by Delius. About 1889 he began to work on a libretto by Frieda Schanz, "Das versunkene Dorf," but whether he ever finished it I do not know; it was never performed or printed. His next work for the stage did not appear until several years had passed. This was not an opera, but an elaborate scheme of incidental music for Gozzi's "Turandot." "Turandot" was originally translated into German by Schiller and provided with incidental music by Weber; in 1911 Max Reinhardt had the translation rewritten by Vollmoeller and put it on the stage at the Deutsches Theater in Berlin with Busoni's music. This, however, had been composed some years earlier, for it was published in the shape of an orchestral suite in 1906. The play was eventually transferred to London, but Busoni's music was, as one might expect, badly mutilated.

In 1912 a complete opera by Busoni, "Die Brautwahl," was produced at Hamburg. The libretto was arranged by Busoni himself from a story by E. T. A. Hoffmann. It is taken almost word for word from the conversations in the original, with the result that if read by itself without a previous knowledge of the story it is most bewildering. The scene is laid in Berlin of about a hundred years ago, and turns on the marriage of a merchant's daughter who has three suitors; she eventually marries the attractive but penniless painter, owing to the assistance given to him by a mysterious and semi-supernatural protector. Busoni laid down his attitude to opera clearly and definitely in a newspaper article. Its proper subjects, he held, were the supernatural and the abnormal; it was to reflect life in either a magic mirror or a distorting mirror of comedy and caricature; it was definitely to provide what in actual life is not forthcoming. It was to seize every opportunity of introducing dances, masquerades and visions; but the spectator was not to regard these things as true—he was never to forget that they were "a graceful fiction." "Die Brautwahl" certainly lives up to these principles, if it can be said to live at all—for its career has not been successful. The story was amusing and attractive, but singularly difficult to follow. It required the scenic resources of a large theatre and was in all probability very troublesome to rehearse and put on the stage. It contained a great deal of very original and delightful music; but it

must be frankly admitted that the composer was too generous and too thorough-going. He left his libretto fragmentary on purpose that he might make the music the principal thing; he insisted on giving his music a firm and clear basis of structural form. There can be no doubt that these fundamental principles, to which he further added the principle that the voices should be the carriers of the composer's innermost thought, are the absolute essentials of all operatic writing. But in "Die Brautwahl" there was too much music, fascinating as every page of it is. It reminds one of Jahn's famous life of Mozart, which tells one not only all there is to be known about Mozart himself but also includes endless *excursus* upon all kinds of subsidiary matters. To give an example: in the third act Thusman, one of Albertine's suitors, a ridiculous caricature of a minor Government official, is contemplating suicide by drowning himself in the "Frog-Pond" in the Kensington Gardens of Berlin. It is night; we know that behind the back cloth runs the great high road from Berlin to Charlottenburg. Busoni, in composing an opera, loved to think (we shall see more of this when we come to "Doctor Faust") that there was another equally real (or unreal) world of opera behind the scenes, hardly less important than that visible in front of them. So he visualises the high road and the coach driving along it; he suggests it in an orchestral introduction to the scene by the theme of a postillion's horn. The postillion's horn sets up a whole train of associations connected with old-fashioned German romanticism; and Busoni proceeds to write a dissertation on it in music. Considered by itself it is one of the most delightful things in the opera. It combines sentimentalism and satire, it achieves a complete musical form with the most exquisite and polished workmanship; I feel inclined to compare it in memory with some "incomparable" essay of Max Beerbohm. But as part of the opera, I have always felt that it had no business to be there at all. The mail-coach does not come into the story, the postillion's theme never reappears after the curtain has risen. It is a superfluous foot-note.

Like the learned (and always readable) Jahn, Busoni throws off endless foot-notes—foot-notes that run over on to the next page, foot-notes that have their own lesser foot-notes attendant on them. I confess that I am myself Teutonic enough to take a peculiar pleasure in books of this kind; but even if a composer possessed an annotative genius analogous to Gibbon's, the method seems hardly practicable for the stage. Yet it would be untrue to say that "Die Brautwahl" is undramatic. It has excellent situations and the characterization of the *dramatis personæ* is admirable. Nor is it the case that the voices are made subordinate to the orchestra. Busoni's vocal line is highly individual and not always easy to follow; but it

is always a firm and expressive line, as Italians who were present at the first performance were heard to remark. The fault of the opera is simply that there is too much music in it. The instrumental interludes are too long, though it might be urged in excuse that they must be long enough to cover the complicated changes of scene; and the separate musical "numbers" are often too long also. The opera has the drawbacks of its period and of its environment. It is a natural temptation to any German composer to think that "Die Meistersinger" represents the minimum that can be supplied in the way of comic opera. It is a natural temptation to any great composer to say, as Busoni himself said in print, that the public must meet the composer half-way and be prepared to do its own fair share of intellectual exertion.

Busoni's own observations on the future of opera are illuminating. The public, he says, is the great obstacle to the development of his ideal. For the public, as a rule, goes to the theatre to get those forcible emotional experiences which it does not meet with in its ordinary humdrum existence; and it does not meet with them because it has not the courage to face what it secretly desires. The stage gives the public these experiences without either their dangers or their unpleasant consequences; the audience is not compromised, and what is more important, it is not fatigued. Busoni, as I have already pointed out, had no wish to deny or disguise the artificiality of opera, and desired the public to face this principle frankly. It is in this attitude towards the stage that he shows himself unmistakably Italian. Hence he had no objection whatever to dividing an opera into "numbers." That does not mean that he expected applause at the end of each, as if we were living in the days of Donizetti; but that an opera was not damaged by being divisible into sections, each of which had a clear-cut musical form, though the sections might be linked up together by modern methods of modulation.

In his next opera Busoni made his principles a good deal clearer, and by being more economical of his ideas, both literary and musical, achieved a genuine theatrical success. It was in the autumn of 1914 that he wrote the libretto of "Arlecchino," planning it originally for a marionette-theatre. The first public announcement of the music was the performance in 1916 of the *Rondo arlecchinesco* for orchestra (with tenor voice behind the scenes) which serves as an overture to the opera. This Rondo has several times been played in London under the direction of Sir Henry Wood. "Arlecchino" is a modern revival of the *Commedia dell'Arte*. Harlequin himself is made to stand out against the other characters by the fact that he speaks but does not sing while he is on the stage; his tenor singing-phrases are only heard behind. The play is a delightful mixture

of cynicism, pathos, humour, satire and farce. Needless to say, the spirit of militarism comes in for some biting criticism. We see Harlequin making love to Columbine on a balcony while underneath it her husband, a ridiculous and pathetic tailor, is reading Dante; Harlequin appears as a recruiting sergeant and forces the wretched tailor to "join up"; later on we meet the familiar Italian figures the Abbé and the Doctor; Leandro, an operatic tenor, makes love to Columbine and falls in a duel by Harlequin's wooden bat; the Abbé and the Doctor, returning from the tavern, stumble over the body and are in great difficulties with the neighbours until a "providential donkey" complete with cart appears to save the situation. Finally Matteo the tailor returns from the war, Leandro comes to life again and all ends cheerily. "Arlecchino" has been performed at several German theatres, generally in conjunction with "Turandot"—a reconstruction of the earlier incidental music in the form of a short opera. Busoni, as usual, wrote the libretto himself, basing it on Gozzi's original, not on the later German versions.

During all these years, before even the days of "Die Brautwahl," Busoni had been meditating the composition of what ultimately became the opera of "Doctor Faust." His initial idea was to write an opera round one of the great magical and mysterious figures of history such as Zoroaster or Cagliostro. He thought the former too remote for human sympathy, the latter too near our own time to be treated with the requisite freedom. In 1911 he met D'Annunzio in Paris and discussed with him the idea of an opera on Leonardo da Vinci—"the Italian Faust." The poet discouraged him, saying that the absence of feminine interest in Leonardo's life made him impossible as an operatic hero; he was not a man but "a fleshless, heartless skeleton, topped not with a skull but with a burning torch." For a moment Busoni considered Merlin, and then took a longer glance at Don Juan. There were other ways of treating Don Juan than Da Ponte's. Busoni was an amazingly well-read man in the literature of many languages, and it almost looks as if he knew Shadwell's "The Libertine" when he hints at a Don Juan libretto full of monks, inquisitors, subterranean vaults, Moors and Jews, singers of madrigals, ending with the second supper-party at which Don Juan is the guest of the Statue in a ruined chapel. But it was impossible to forget Mozart, and in considering Faust, the next hero who came under review, it was impossible to forget Goethe, until Busoni determined to go back to the Faust of the early puppet-plays, not only for his subject matter, but to a large extent for his constructive method as well.

Busoni recorded the history and the theory of his opera in a prologue in verse which forms part of the printed libretto and also more

fully in a prose preface to the score; this preface was printed for the first time in *Ausblick*, the magazine of the Dresden State Theatres for May, 1925. The second stanza of the prologue in verse admirably sums up his theory of opera:—

Die Bühne zeigt vom Leben die Gebürde,
unechtheit steht auf ihrer Stirn geprägt;
auf dass sie nicht zum Spiegel-Zerrbild werde,
als Zauberspiegel wirk' sie schön und echt;
gebt zu, dass sie das Wahre nur entwerte,
dem Unglaubhaften wird sie erst gerecht:
und wenn ihr sie, als Wirklichkeit, belachtet,
zwingt sie zum Ernst, als reines Spiel betrachtet.

(The stage exhibits the gestures of life, but it shows plainly the mark of unreality. If it is not to become a distorting mirror, it must act fairly and truly as a magic mirror. Grant that the stage only lowers the values of what is true, it can then do full justice to the incredible, and though you may laugh at drama judging it as reality, it will compel you to seriousness if you regard it as mere play.)

And Busoni ends his prologue with the reminder that his opera is frankly and undisguisedly a puppet-play by origin. It is difficult to define in words what constitutes the puppet-play style—in what way a play for puppets must be planned and written differently from a play for living actors, and in what particular qualities the puppet-play is, or may be, more grimly moving than an ordinary play. Busoni cannot possibly have intended his "Doctor Faust" to be actually performed by puppets, for it could not be given except in a large opera-house with every modern technical appliance, not to speak of its considerable choral and instrumental requirements. But it has something of the puppet-play in its remoteness from everyday sentiment and sentimentality; the figures of the drama say and do only what is necessary and no more—they have no need and no chance to elaborate their parts with all those "subtle touches" which on the stage do so much to enhance the private personality of the actor or actress and thereby appeal to the affections rather than to the intellect of the spectators. The result of this restriction is that "Doctor Faust" may seem lacking in what we might call humanity; but the more nearly it approaches to the manner of the puppet-show, the more it gains in austerity and dignity.

Even in the stage presentation the puppet-show is brought clearly to the notice of the audience. When the main curtain rises, it reveals a second curtain, on which is painted a puppet theatre like an enlarged Punch-and-Judy-box, with the characters of the opera ranged in a

row before its miniature proscenium. It is but dimly illuminated, and they appear only as suggestions. The orchestral prelude begins; that too is only a vague suggestion, an impressionistic study of distant bells, represented by the orchestra alone without any actual bells or percussive imitations of them. An actor rises from a trap in front of the puppet-show and recites the 82 lines of the prologue in verse. He disappears, and the first scene is revealed—Faust's study at Wittenberg, with Faust anxiously watching some alchemical process at the hearth. Wagner enters and tells him that three students wish to see him. At first he refuses to receive them, but relents on hearing that they have brought him a book with a strange title—*Clavis Astartis Magica*. As Wagner leaves the room he bursts out into excited soliloquy: it is the book which will give him the magic power that he is seeking. Three young men enter and stand silent; they are dressed in black, with cabalistic signs on their breasts. "Who are you?" "Students from Cracow." (At Dresden their Polish character was emphasised by the fact that one was made up to look like the youthful Paderewski, and all three presented that singularly unwashed appearance which Germans always associate with their near Eastern neighbours.) Cracow! the name recalls Faust's youth and the dreams and hopes of his own student days; he receives the students with a sudden kindness. They bring him a book, a key to unlock it and a letter which makes it Faust's property. How shall he reward them? Later, they say. He offers hospitality, but they will not stay. "Then tell me that I shall see you again!" "Perhaps. Farewell, Faust." They go, and a moment later Wagner returns. "Did you see the students? Are you not going to see them out?" "Sir, I saw no one!" "They left me just now." "I saw no one." "You have missed them—Ah! Now I know *who* they were"—and the vessels on the hearth begin to boil and bubble and steam until the whole scene disappears in the fumes. Behind the scenes voices take up the themes of the first prelude. Are they voices or are they bells ringing in the distance? What is the word that we catch now and then? *Paz*. Busoni wrote this part of the music at Zurich in 1917.

The curtain rises for the second prologue—the scene is the same, at midnight. Faust, with the key in his hand, draws a magic circle round him with a sword. The old puppet-plays make him draw the circle with his girdle; Busoni substitutes the sword, as the symbol of protection against danger. He calls on Lucifer to send him his servant. In the darkness six flames appear hovering in the air. Question them, says an unknown voice. The first gives his name as *Gravis*. "How swift art thou?" "As the sand in the hourglass." Faust dismisses him with contempt: so also with the next four, *Levis*, *Aemodus*, *Beelzebub* and *Megaeros*. None are swift enough for him.

Megaeros is swift as the storm. That is better, but not enough; "Storm, I blow thee out!" One flame remains. Faust steps out of the circle; he is disappointed and thinks it hardly worth while to question the last spirit. The sixth voice calls him in a high tenor voice. The scene with the six flames is conceived musically as a set of variations on a theme; the first spirit is a deep bass, and the voices rise progressively, so that the last—Mephistopheles—is a high tenor. Busoni treats him very ruthlessly from a singer's point of view; but the quality of tone obtained was certainly—at Dresden—devilish.

The sixth flame persists, though Faust will not question it. The spirit says that he is swift as human thought. That is more than Faust had hoped. He bids him appear in tangible shape, and Mephistopheles is there. But Faust has stepped out of the magic circle, and instead of being his master, he is his servant. Yet Mephistopheles is ready to serve him—for the present: what is Faust's will? Faust's answer is not that of the conventional Faust; it is characteristic of his new creator's mind:—

"Give me for the rest of my life the unconditional fulfilment of every wish; let me embrace the world, the East and the South that call me; let me understand the actions of mankind and extend them; give me Genius, give me its pain too, that I may be happy like no other; make me *free*."

And afterwards? Faust must serve Mephistopheles for ever.

Serve! Faust will not do that: rather will he dismiss Mephistopheles too. But the Devil will not be dismissed. He is more practical—

"Listen, Faust! Your creditors are at the door; you have deceived them. You have got your girl into trouble; her brother is after your life. And the priests are after you too; they smell a rat. Not far wrong either; you'll be burnt at the stake."

As he speaks there is a knocking at the door; again it comes, and more threateningly. One word from you, says Mephistopheles—"Kill them!" There is silence. Faust has given way. Still reluctantly he signs his pact, and during the scene we hear a chorus of voices singing, behind, the words of the *Credo* and *Gloria*. As the curtain falls they burst into an *Alleluia*, the Easter bells ring out in full force, and then die slowly away. For the Dresden performance three real bells were specially cast, tuned to middle C, F and A flat

above, and engraved with the names *Gerda*, *Benvenuto* and *Raffaello*—Busoni's wife and his two sons.

The next scene is called an *intermezzo*. It represents a chapel, and is cast musically in the form of a *rondo*, in which the organ plays an overwhelmingly important part. This presented considerable practical difficulty at Dresden, and in other theatres the difficulty would probably be still greater. Busoni wanted the organ to dominate the whole scene and conceived his music for an instrument of the most powerful type; its effect should be more than overwhelming, it should be terrifying. Unfortunately few theatres possess an organ so large as that in the Dresden Opera House, and even there the scene did not quite achieve its intended effect. To re-score the music would be a risky experiment: the volume of sound desired by the composer could perhaps be obtained from the orchestra, but the musical balance of organ and orchestra, which is intimately bound up with the thematic treatment and the musical form, might suffer irreparable damage. The right proportion could only be obtained, in practice, if "*Doctor Faust*" were performed after the manner of Reinhardt's mystery plays in the old University Church at Salzburg.

A soldier in armour—he is our old friend Valentine, here described merely as "the girl's brother," for Gretchen never appears—is kneeling before a crucifix and praying that he may find his sister's seducer in order to avenge her. Mephistopheles, in the doorway, points him out to Faust. He must be got out of the way, and Faust lets Mephistopheles see to it. Mephistopheles puts on a monk's frock and tries to induce the soldier to confess to him; he will not. The soldier suspects him for what he is. Look to the door, says Mephistopheles—and an officer with other soldiers enters to point out the kneeling soldier to the others as the man who murdered their colonel. They rush on him and kill him; Mephistopheles in his monk's frock pretends to be shocked. He has killed three birds with one stone: a sacrilege, an intended murder by the soldier, and both put down to Faust's account—a good day's business.

Now begins the main action of the drama. The scene is the Ducal Park at Parma. The introductory music is laid out as a ballet suite. Courtiers and ladies enter, followed by a procession of huntsmen with trophies, after which there is a fencing display by a number of pages. Busoni here proclaims his devotion to Bizet. Part of the music may be already familiar to the reader as the "*Cortège*" sometimes played in London under Sir Henry Wood. At last the Duke and his newly-married Duchess enter, accompanied by their Master of Ceremonies, who somewhat hesitatingly proposes to introduce the marvellous Doctor Faust. The Duchess is prepared to face the risk, and Faust is brought in by Mephistopheles disguised as a

Herald. After a chorus of wonder and admiration he begins to exhibit his magic arts by turning light into darkness, and asks the Duchess what she would like to see. Ask the impossible, whispers the Duke in her ear. She asks to see King Solomon. He appears from a trap, playing on a harp; in a moment the Queen of Sheba appears by his side. She is exactly like the Duchess. The resemblance is remarked by the Duke and the rest, as well as the fact that Solomon resembles Faust. The Duchess asks for something more—this time Faust must guess her desire. He calls up Samson and Delilah; under Delilah's couch huddles a black slave-woman who hands her mistress the fatal shears. Again the figures of the vision bear the features of the Duchess and Faust. A third group rises—this time the Duchess says Faust must choose the subject himself. It represents Salome, John the Baptist and the Executioner. The last named resembles the Duke. "At Salome's bidding his head falls," says Faust. "He must not die," the Duchess urges. Faust knows that she loves him and presses his suit; she hesitates and tries vainly to resist. The Duke breaks off the show and invites Faust to join them at their feasting. Mephistopheles warns him not to accept: the food is poisoned, the clergy are on the watch. They leave the stage together. A moment later the Duchess comes on alone, calling to Faust and seeking him and his love. As she goes out singing, the Duke enters with his court chaplain, who breaks the news to him that the Duchess has eloped with Faust, riding through the air on a pair of fiery horses. It would be better to say nothing about it and marry the Duke of Ferrara's sister for reasons of state. "Heaven speaks through you," says the kneeling Duke; the chaplain raises his hand in blessing—his hand? it is more like a claw: we recognize Mephistopheles.

Time passes, and Faust is back at Wittenberg, discussing philosophy with his students in a tavern. Wine and metaphysics lead to quarrelling. Faust intervenes. Nothing is proved, nothing is provable, he says. *Niente è provato, niente è provabile*: those were the words that Busoni wrote himself on the cover of the proofs of the libretto of "Doctor Faust" when he gave them to me the last time that he was in London. Faust advises them to follow the advice of Luther—but before he can quote it Protestants and Catholics are on the way to a fight. Nevertheless Faust manages to quell them and finish his sentence, on which they start to sing the praises of wine and woman, the Catholics in Latin and the Protestants in German. A musical scene worthy of Berlioz develops in which the tune of "Ein' feste Burg" becomes prominent. Faust sits absorbed in dreams. There was a woman once—a Duchess—in Italy—on her wedding-day—hardly a year ago, though it seems an eternity. Does

she ever think of him? he wonders. . . . A courier hurries in—it is Mephistopheles. "Don't let me disturb you. The Duchess of Parma is dead and buried: sends you this as a souvenir." It is the corpse of a new-born child. Is it? No, it is only a bundle of straw. Mephistopheles sets it on fire; in the smoke there appears Helen of Troy. The students have slunk out in terror; Mephistopheles follows them. Faust is alone with the vision. Just as he moves to grasp it he sees three dark figures in the shadow. "Who are you?" "Students from Cracow." They demand the return of the book, the key and the letter. It is too late: Faust has destroyed them. His time is up at midnight, they say. He dismisses them contemptuously. "Go thy ways, Faust!" their voices die away in the distance. But Faust views the moment with relief. It is all over at last; the way is free; the evening's end is welcome.

The last scene of the opera shows us a street in Wittenberg. Snow is on the ground; the night-watchman's grating voice announces ten o'clock. A party of students are congratulating Wagner, who has succeeded Faust as Rector of the University, on his inaugural speech. Worthy of Dr. Faust, says one. That was an unfortunate remark. Dr. Wagner is a genuine German professor: "Faust? well, Faust was—a visionary—more than that; as a man of learning by no means infallible, and—Lord have mercy upon us—his way of life was deplorable. Good night, gentlemen." He retires; the students sing a serenade, interrupted by the Watchman, who puts them to flight. Faust enters and looks up at Wagner's house that once was his own. On the doorstep sits a beggar-woman with a child at the breast. From the church comes the sound of singing—the words tell of the Last Judgment. Faust turns to give the beggar-woman something; he recognizes the Duchess. She hands him the child and vanishes. Faust turns to seek refuge from evil spirits in the church. The soldier appears and bars the way. Yet Faust can still dismiss the vision. He turns to the crucifix by the doorway; he would pray, but he cannot remember a prayer—only magic incantations. As he kneels the Watchman passes again and raises his lantern; the light reveals not the figure of Christ, but that of Helen. Faust turns away in horror; then controls himself and makes his last final effort of will. It is at this point that Busoni's score comes to an end and Jarnach's addition begins. Faust lays the corpse of the child on the ground before him and invokes *Sehnsucht*—that most untranslatable German concept—to his aid. It is difficult to render this last monologue in English. By this supreme effort of will and longing Faust transfers his own personality to the child; in him he will continue his own existence and his own activity; the child shall make straight what he built askew, shall carry out what

he neglected, shall unite Faust, as an Eternal Will, to all generations that are to come. Faust dies; as the Watchman is heard announcing midnight, the dead body sinks and there rises a naked child holding a green twig in his hand. Holding it on high he strides gaily through the snow towards the town. The Watchman lifts his lantern over Faust—has this man met with an accident? he asks in his dry grating tenor. It is Mephistopheles. He picks up the body and carries it off as the curtain falls.

"Doctor Faust" on its first night appeared to have won only a *succès d'estime*. It was not an opera for the general public. There was too little of the feminine element. The Duchess has great opportunities, but only for a few short moments; apart from the chorus the female voice is absent from nine-tenths of the opera if not more. The interest of the drama is intellectual and philosophical rather than emotional and romantic. Yet Dresden gradually began to respond to it; there was a poor audience the second night, as often happens for a new opera, but on the third and fourth it was evident that it was exciting unusual interest. It is not likely ever to be a popular opera, in the way that *Rosenkavalier* or *Salome* are popular. But as one gets to know the music better its beauties reveal themselves. Busoni was often censured by critics for writing music that was purely intellectual and artificial. This may have been true of certain works; Busoni was always trying experiments and making studies for new methods of expression. Nor can I think that he did wrong to publish them, for they may often help a listener to grasp his principles of expression. Thus the "Cortège" and "Sarabande" which were published as studies for "Doctor Faust" were difficult to understand when first heard as concert-pieces; yet a knowledge of them helps one to feel their emotion when they take their places in the opera. "Doctor Faust," in spite of its grim subject, has many episodes that are quite directly attractive. The ballet-music of the scene at Parma would be delightful as a concert suite, and the prelude, as well as the Sarabande (which was omitted in the Dresden performance, perhaps wisely from a dramatic point of view), might also be made known to those whose chance of seeing the opera on the stage is remote. It would be easy to point out in "Doctor Faust" some of the same faults as occur in "Die Brautwahl"; one is often tempted to say that here also there is too much music, that the words are too fragmentary and that they are declaimed too slowly. But taken as a whole the work is very deeply impressive, and full of beauty and originality. It is no wonder that Jarnach was reluctant to attempt its completion; but he has done his work with amazing success. The difference of style is in no sense damaging to the general effect of the opera, but it is not imperceptible. Jarnach has somehow failed to acquire just

what most critics might have thought the easiest thing for a pupil to acquire from his master—the peculiar colour and texture of Busoni's orchestration. That is one of the most wonderful things in "Doctor Faust"—the shimmering glittering web of sound woven of many instruments flying swiftly and lightly across each other's paths. Jarnach's score is plainer and more solid. On the other hand, Jarnach's treatment of the scene is much more direct, if less subtle, than Busoni's style would suggest; and here Jarnach has done his master good service, for he manages to make the opera gather swift-ness and force towards its end, where Busoni himself, sure of his own imagination, might easily have been tempted to become too diffuse.

"Doctor Faust" is undoubtedly Busoni's greatest work. It is the work into which he put the most of himself—one can see this very plainly in his libretto—and it is also the work in which he most completely achieved his individual self-expression in terms of music.

EDWARD J. DENT.

SOME NOTES ON MAURICE RAVEL'S BALLET "DAPHNIS ET CHLOE"—I

THE movement which started in Russia and which freed the art of the modern ballet from so many of the restraining conventionalities of form and gesture, that movement which was brought to its present state by Serge Diaghilev, and which has such historic names as Fokine, Nijinsky, Cecchetti and Karsavina connected with it, was indirectly responsible for the fostering and dissemination of many of the most vital ideas that have been expressed during the last decade by exponents of all the arts. Especially is this true of painters. Eminent artists like Bakst, Picasso, Derain and Matisse expended their talent upon scenery and costumes. And no less did modern music benefit by this invigorating impulse of the Russians. Debussy in "Jeux," de Falla in "The Three Cornered Hat," Stravinsky in "L'Oiseau de Feu," "Petruschka" and "Le Sacre du Printemps," Ravel in "Daphnis et Chloé," . . . the list could be lengthened of fine and delicate music called into being through this determination to uphold the traditions of freedom which were being formed by the Russian Ballet.

In many cases the stories on which the ballets were founded were either folk-tales (as in "Le Sacre du Printemps" and "Le soleil de minuit"), historic tales (as "Prince Igor" and "Thamar") or adaptations of more modern tales (as "Le Donne di buonumore" and "El Sombrero"). In the case of "Daphnis et Chloé" the pastoral of Longus was chosen by Fokine, who selected from it certain scenes, altered the order of certain occurrences and made out of it all a very passable pastiche of his own ideas mingled with those of the Abbé Amyot, the Régent d'Orléans (who was probably responsible for the illustrations to Amyot's edition, clothing Daphnis in kilts and Chloé in *jupons de cour*) and some few from Longus. It is hardly germane to the purpose of this short notice to discuss the ethics of such ruthless treatment of a classic. Nevertheless it is clear that such alteration and arrangement make it useless to seek in the music for any feeling of that pastoral freshness and simple imagery that characterise the little book of Longus. Between that and Ravel there has come Fokine, whose ballet has but slight resemblance to the work whose name it bears. Two examples may be cited to make

clear what is here meant by wrong treatment and to show how such treatment has definitely altered the spirit of the tale and the inter-relations of the characters.

In its original plan the tale is too long and complicated to form a reasonable ballet. It is overloaded with too much petty detail to hold the attention of the audience if set out in full. In reality it is not a suitable subject for treatment as a ballet. The tale is not sufficiently arresting. The events are neither deeply tragic nor even bizarre or impossible. There is no climax. All is charming and yet monotonous. It is the charm and monotony of the fields and the seasons. There is none of the glitter of life which appears so well on the ballet stage. But given the initial idea of its having been chosen for such a purpose, something had to be done to bring the tale within possible bounds of length and narrative scope. Fokine took the character of Bryaxis (in Longus the unoffending leader of the Methymneans, sent to punish the people of Mytilene for damage that Daphnis' herds had done to a hunting party of young men who had found their cables gnawed through by the goats and their vessels taken out to sea) and made him captain of the pirate band. He then took the episode of the rape of Chloé by pirates (which in Longus comes before the Bryaxis episode) and transposed it, placing it as central feature of the second scene. This pirate episode should come early on in the tale and give a touching evidence of Dorcon's affection. For it is he, poor uncouth swain, dying on the ground from wounds received from Daphnis' hounds, who shows Chloé how, by making sweet sounds on his pipe, to save her lover from the clutches of the pirates.

The other example of violence done to the original is that of the almost continual presence of a *corps de ballet*, which gazes and comments, like the conventional Greek chorus, upon the action, however intimate such action may be. In Longus the episode of the rivalry between Dorcon and Daphnis for Chloé's kiss takes place in the pastoral seclusion of meadows and woods. In "Daphnis et Chloé" the *corps de ballet* stands around, jeering and giggling. There is a loss here in delicacy and point.

From these two examples it can be seen, firstly, that two characters have been modified in expression, and secondly, that the whole action has been made to run a grave risk of vulgarisation. It is arguable that with so antique and mythological a tale such liberties are to be allowed. Even so, it is a perilous precedent.

The scene opens with a wide stretch of country. "Une prairie à la lisière d'un bois sacré. A fond, des collines." From the confines of silence the sounds commence, low down and distant at first. They are built up, interval by held interval, dignified and slow, until a

waving curtain of sound is fabricated upon which are drawn the sharp lines of tunes, now heard for the first time, which later will attain, through implication and association, to great importance. Hidden voices chant a rhythmic figure, but so distantly and slowly as to conceal, at first, the pulse. The music begins to quicken. On to the stage come boys and girls carrying offerings for the nymphs. The music grows quicker and louder. The stage fills with people. In one great burst of happiness the music swells and dies. For one moment the voices shout out their triumphant chant and then hush.

The first dance, the "*Danse Religieuse*," begins. As this proceeds the crowd of worshippers is filled with feelings of religious fervour. Exclamations of adoration and fervour burst from the chorus. For a moment the spell is broken when the shepherd Daphnis appears with his flock. The dance continues and once more is interrupted, while Chloé follows Daphnis across the stage and away into the country. The dance starts yet again, and now the ecstasy of the worshippers seems to be enhanced by the sight of the two lovers and by a prophetic feeling of the nearness of the fate that is to overtake them. Daphnis and Chloé enter now from the front of the stage. The dance ceases and all watch while the two lovers bow themselves in worship before the altar.

Soon the girls draw Daphnis into a dance, leaving Chloé to battle with "*les premières atteintes de la jalousie*." But not for long, for the lads, led by the eager, boorish Dorcon, surround her and, in their turn, lead off into a dance. Dorcon essays to kiss Chloé and rouses the jealousy of her lover, who pushes his rival aside and approaches Chloé with all the accepted signs of proprietorship. To the more enlightened onlookers this action on the part of Daphnis seems a little premature. Divining the real meaning underlying the actions of Chloé and her chosen companion, they yet feel it is too early to lower the curtain upon a picture of married bliss. They are content to appear to admit the strength of Dorcon's claim, if such an admittance can be made the excuse for a little exquisite fooling such as would pass pleasantly the remaining moments of a hot summer's afternoon. And so a combat is proposed between the two pretenders, a combat of the most bloodless, the most charming, and, above all, one in which there can be no question of Daphnis' failing to come off victor. The two boys shall dance before the assembled company. The prize shall be Chloé's kiss.

With grotesque steps Dorcon gambols across the stage. His gestures show the highest passion. His steps weave a dance of great intricacy and meaning. The thought of all that might be inflames him, carrying him out of the realms of mere endeavour to a plane of perfect accomplishment. He seems to have infected his audience

with his own magnificent artistry. He jumps, they applaud. He grovels, still they applaud. He rushes round ever faster and faster. They applaud ever louder and louder. Certainty of success fills him and he continues his dance until the loudest outburst of applause suddenly makes him uneasy. The dance ends in the laughter of the onlookers. The field is now clear for the other combatant.

Daphnis comes forward to make his effort. The charming lad steps out his measures with faultless delicacy, at times forgetful of the stress of the moment, so taken up is he with the balanced movement, and then suddenly recalling the value of the prize and the necessity for its attainment, launching himself out into more strenuous expressiveness. All through his performance there is an impression of nonchalant certainty of success. He finishes with the softest of gestures, the lightest of movements. There is a moment's silence. Then the crowd presses in upon Daphnis. Dorcon comes forward, thickwittedly imagining that his chances of the prize are still strong. Then, and only then, does realisation come to him, and he sees clearly the significance of the shouts with which the crowd greeted his dance and of the clamour that ended it. Daphnis receives his guerdon, the crowd departs, Chloé with them, and he is left alone "immobile, comme en extase." . . .

There enters one who lures him from his steadfast ecstasy with her disquieting, passionate dancing. This is Lyceion. She drops one by one the veils that clothe her. He, another Atalanta, picks them up and replaces them upon her shoulders. Aggrieved at his refusal to follow her play she leaves him. He stands alone, troubled in mind and vaguely uneasy as at some impending disaster. There is a sudden, muffled cry and clatter of arms. The music rolls and grumbles along, gathering in speed and intensity. Acute trumpet notes shrill out. At the back of the stage wild figures rush across, women chased by pirates. An agonised cry rings out. Daphnis hears and runs in search of Chloé. Hardly a moment later Chloé reaches the spot where he has been standing and throws herself for protection at the foot of the altar. Quicker than thought she is caught up and taken off by a band of marauders and Daphnis comes back to find her sandal, dropped in the scuffle. He cannot withstand the idea that she has come to some terrible grief, and he utters curses upon the gods who have failed to answer her prayers for protection. As he falls unconscious at the entrance to the grot, the whole place becomes flooded with ghostly light. One by one the statues of the nymphs stir into life. For a moment they pause together and then float into a slow and mystic dance. They come over to Daphnis, raise him up, tend him and guide him to the great rock, invoking their god Pan. The music softens and slackens. Imperceptibly the figure of

the god begins to invade the place, dominating the whole action and the whole scene. Daphnis falls in supplication at the feet of Pan. The light quickly wanes and leaves all in darkness.

Through this darkness hidden voices begin to be heard.* They rise and fall in strong rhythms but remain ever distant until a trumpet call sounds far away. Then, while gradually the voices approach nearer, the light grows, the trumpets become more insistent, the voices rise higher and higher, until abruptly the scene of the robbers' camp becomes visible, lit by the harsh glare of torches. Rushing and leaping hither and thither, the robbers dance with unceasing tirelessness, with brutal insistence. Unwearyingly they foot the same rude measures, only increasing in speed and loudness. Voices shout in bestial ecstasy. The half-dozen notes that at one time have been vaguely associated with the thought of Chloé are now blared out in naked fury on trumpet after trumpet. In a moment of highest frenzy the dancers sink exhausted. Chloé is brought in amongst them. The chief, Bryaxis, commands her to dance. Restlessly she moves about. Her dance is one long supplication, one long agony. At one point she tries to escape. The brigands drag her back with violence. Despairingly she continues her dance. Once again she attempts to flee. Once more she is hauled back. The poor creature does not see how her repeated attempts to break loose do but increase the great desire of Bryaxis. At length he can hold himself in control no longer. He rushes towards her. She implores his pity. Implacable, he bears her off.

In a trice the air becomes filled with weird shapes. The light fades and terrible apparitions surge around. Flames lit by invisible hands spring up. Sinister beings jump from shadow to shadow. Terror seizes the pirates. They find themselves surrounded by legions of satyrs who mock at their discomfiture. They try to escape, but seem unable to break through this circle of spirits. The very earth opens under them. And now the massive shadow of Pan again fills the place, and this time the gesture of the god is one of awful menace. Fear is so strong upon the men that they make one swift dash for liberty, and the place is left empty but for Chloé standing there alone with a divine light playing round her head.

The scene now dissolves. The countryside of the beginning is found again, with its calm and quiet. A complete contrast with what has gone before. No sound is to be heard but that of the ripple

* It is said that, at the first performance in 1912, the scene-shifting at this point was noisy enough to drown the hidden choir. This, however, is no excuse for the substitution by M. Diaghilev of the version for wind-instruments, against the direct wish of the composer that this second version should only be employed in circumstances where no voices were available.

and drip of runlets draining the morning dew from off the hills and the deep murmur of slumbering earth as she rhythmically breathes. At length she stirs in her sleep and dawn commences.

From the depths of consciousness a rhythm becomes audible. It is gradually transformed into a tune and increases in volume as it rises up, spreading through the whole expanse of sound, then falling to rest and giving place to a broad melody which has been evolved from the first rhythmic figure. At the point of highest upward endeavour, when the voices that have been heard in the distance draw near, and the shepherds, coming into the place, find Daphnis still lying in front of the images of the nymphs in a swoon and awaken him, this finely-wrought melody reaches its first climax. For a moment the lad is dazed at the transition from the mad horror of the robbers' attack to this peaceful campaign with the dawn coming calmly onward. He looks round him, the thought of Chloé still strong in him. There seems to be nothing but the growing sunlight and the murmur of runlets. And then, in a moment, a company of girls comes by and among them is she.

Again the stately melody takes the stage, rises higher and higher, builds still more gorgeous fabrics of sound and sense. Voices of boys and girls break in upon it at its moment of greatest exaltation and broaden it out with utterances of deepest emotion and highest joy. Pastoral happiness takes hold on the people. Old Lamo tells of Pan and Syrinx. Daphnis and Chloé, filled with the abandonment of pure delight, dance and mime the tale as he has told it. She dances to the piping of Daphnis, following the melody of the flute which once was the nymph Syrinx. The dance becomes more and more wild until, after a last fling, Chloé falls wearied into the arms of her lover. Then and there the two swear lasting friendship before the altar of the Nymphs. From then onwards the feeling of amity and heightened emotion becomes general. Groups of girls and boys, dressed as followers of Bacchus, rush on to the place. They dance, gradually drawing every spectator into their wild figurings. The music, strongly rhythmic, surges forward, sometimes wailing, sometimes howling, at times rushing upwards in huge waves of sound, at times sinking down in order the more effectively to build up another massive climax. And now all bonds are burst, all bounds surpassed, and the end comes in an overwhelming sustained cry of victory and joy.

II.

"Daphnis et Chloé" is by far the most extended piece of composition that Ravel has done. It is so far out of the general run of his work that it will be of interest to endeavour to gauge the amount

of success that has attended so sustained an effort. Such a work calls for abilities of a different order than does the composition of shorter works. The perfection shown in those pieces is one of detail. On that, attentive care must be expended in order to ensure that the balance of those small parts is equitably compassed. The question is one of sensitiveness in small matters. But with a large work, such as a ballet like "Daphnis et Chloé," the problem has shifted ground. It has become one of broad effects which, however they may be compounded of small details, must yet be so managed as to hold the attention and keep it to the salient lines of the tale, leaving detail, which may still be as polished as the artist pleases, to take second place. The problem, then, for the composer who has a keen perception of the implications of minute points and skill in setting them in exact array, will always be how far to continue in this process of meticulous attentiveness without weakening the larger scheme. Too much attention to the trees will cause the wood to be lost sight of, and will make for bewilderment at so much undergrowth. There will be little chance of an understanding of the problem posed. The broad lines must always be present and visible. The music must be more definitely positive and assured than need be the case with chamber music or with works that keep within narrower limits.

Again the presence of the ballet stage, with its conventions and its huge burden of pageantry and scenic display, lessens the effectiveness of delicate writing and calls for the same broad treatment. It is too much to say that a point, to be made, must be hammered home. Yet it is none the less true that only the highest lights will illumine the imaginative faculties of even the most keenly perceptive audience, and that the story must be grouped round one or two such tense moments if it is to convey any consecutive meaning. A series of delicately moulded scenes, small and carefully polished, will not suffice to make a long ballet. However perfect each in its turn may be, the result will not fail to be inconclusive and wearisome. The tale itself will never penetrate through the wealth of detail with which it is surrounded.

The way in which a composer, such as Ravel, who has especial ability in less extended forms, attacks and controls this enlarged scheme is earnest of his adaptability. "Daphnis et Chloé" is comparable in this respect to that other great monument of modern French music, Dukas' opera "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue." Polished as are the details and finished as are the separate pictures in this opera, the whole charming thing has, as well, an evident structural cohesion that binds the work together in the same way as Maeterlinck's tale is bound. Not only is it that in the case of Dukas' opera the work is symphonic in character. Rather is it an example of the artist's

vision being wide enough to embrace both sides of the problem, the particular and the general, the detailed perfection and the broad survey. In similar fashion Ravel in "Daphnis et Chloé" has avoided that meticulousness which would disorganise the construction of a large work. Before starting the ballet in 1906 he had composed in such differing media as string quartet, pianoforte solo, song and concerted chamber music. Now he was to set himself the task of writing for a larger orchestra than ever before and on a scale infinitely more extended.

The melodic structure of "Daphnis et Chloé" is not so closely woven as that of "L'Heure Espagnole," a fact which is to be expected when the diffuseness of the tale is taken into account. There are more characters to differentiate. The action takes longer to play and needs more expression in the music. The long concerted dances, which do not of necessity help on the action, must be accounted for. Ravel has built up his work on a number of important themes and the idea of the leit-motif is stronger here than in his opera. But even then the idea is not so definite as to warrant any one theme being given the label of a decisive emotion or a particular person. Only one tune can be taken to portray definition of character. It is that which is first heard on a horn, twelve bars from the beginning. It plays an important part in the work as a whole

EX.1.



and has in it the germ of practically every other tune. Of the eighteen salient melodies which are heard in the ballet, six of which are used for general dances and so need not be taken to possess any great dramatic significance with regard to the main tale, nine are founded either on the upward fifth (Daphnis?), the downward fifth (Chloé?) or derivatives of these. The character of Dorcon is given prominence by the appearance of new melodic material, a device which was used in the "L'Heure Espagnole" for the two interloping lovers. Fine treatment could have been given to Dorcon's death, as it occurs in Longus, torn to pieces by the hounds. As it is, he appears again at the end, and joins in the general rejoicings, an undeniably weak spot in the texture of the ballet. A memorable episode is that where

the statues of the nymphs come to life and begin their mysterious slow dance. Four flutes play a gentle swinging melody accompanied

EX. 2.

Lent et très souple de mesure.

The musical score for EX. 2 is arranged in two systems. The first system includes staves for Four Flutes (marked *pp*), Violas (marked *ppp*), Harp (marked *p*), and Cellos/C. bass (pizzicato, *ppp*, with a note to play an octave lower). The second system includes staves for Violins (marked *pp*) and Solo Horn. The music is in 3/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo and style are indicated as "Lent et très souple de mesure." The score shows a gentle, swinging melody in the flutes, supported by the harp and strings, with the violins and solo horn providing harmonic support.

by tremolando strings and harp. Later an oboe and two clarinets take the tune and the wind-machine adds that rustling sound which is its one trick. There is, between scenes one and two, an interlude for unaccompanied eight-part choir. One low held note on the contrabass supports the voices during the thirty-two bars without

orchestra. In the meantime absolute darkness covers both stage and orchestra until at length hidden trumpets sound and the light begins to return, revealing the robbers' camp. This vocal interlude has an effect of unreality that makes the warriors' dance, which follows immediately upon it, a rude and brutal expression of untamed force. The transition between this scene and the third takes place while the spirits riotously gambol about and whirl through the air. This again makes an intense contrast as it fades away before the calm, cool atmosphere of the dawning day. The warriors' dance starts with a rhythm hammered out on the strings, trombone and bassoons. The theme consists of a series of descending fifths, the same interval as that which has been identified with Daphnis. When Chloé is brought in to dance in front of her captors the accompaniment to her steps is the ascending fifth of the opening. And thus the two elements are found through the whole work. The scene of the dawn, and of the restoration, one to the other, Daphnis and Chloé, opens with the murmur of flutes and clarinets, balanced by deep notes on the lower strings. Out of these there presently rises a repeated two-bar phrase founded on the descending fifth. This leads into the main melody.

EX. 3.



This melody has in it the elements of grandeur. Its sweeping pace is majestic, its curved outline simple and monumental. It is akin to the deepest poetic utterances of any age. It is superbly prophetic. In itself it has an immense forward drive caused by the melodic formation, not relying upon harmonic or dynamic effect to carry it onward, but bearing within its curves the inevitable elasticity and spring that is to be found in lines of highest draughtsmanship. It satisfies the intelligence by its relationship with the material that has gone to build the work, being thus a perfect resolution of the tale. It satisfies the emotions by the ease with which it comes to its moment of greatest meaning, having in it nothing that is not the inevitable and natural outcome of the drama that has been unfolded and that here finds its sole true climax in thankfulness for dangers overcome and storms past.

The last act points no moral. It has no significance other than that of a summing-up of the tale and is in no way concerned with problems of right or wrong, being bound to no text that might confuse its simplicity. The expression is direct and unadorned. Longus finishes with a picture of hymeneal bliss, free from all suspicion of infelicity. Fokine was able to forgo much of this. He did not feel himself under any restrictions as to the portrayal of a high purpose such as would satisfy the calls of a charming domesticity. Daphnis and Chloé have come together. The future of both is left an open question, except in so far as the freshness of the running rills, the songs of the birds and above all the nobility of the tune which heralds dawn seem to point to a life that will not be uneventful or devoid of rapture. It is one of the few times that Ravel has allowed himself the liberty of building up a broad melody that is sufficiently positive in expression to hint at a definite state of mind. In general his larger themes are so impersonal as to admit of no clear interpretation. The second movement of the "Sonatine" may signify either joy or mere gallantry, "Petit Poucet," resignation or some childish fear, "L'Indifférent," similar contradictory feelings. This impersonality has the effect of liberating the words of a song or the melody of an instrumental movement from the implications of the surrounding matter, giving words or tune a wider interpretation than they would possess if securely tied to the expression of an exact mood. But at this point in "Daphnis et Chloé" (the same obtains in the broad melodic conclusion to "Ma Mère l'oye") Ravel has drawn a long sweep of melody, albeit with that delicacy which is never absent from his work. For once he has revealed himself, irrevocably stamping the ballet with the impress, not alone of his personality (that has been present from the first page and has continued in varying intensity through the whole work) but of his own deepest philosophy.

At a moment such as this when the tale of the ballet has been played to an end and the intervention of Pan has concluded the sufferings of the protagonists, an ending could well have been put to the actual work by some hundreds of bars of technically skilful writing. This would give the opportunity for brilliant action on the stage and would leave the dancers the task of satisfying an aesthetic wish for balance and finality. But it argues a paucity of imagination in a composer who would thus shore up a work with merely technical display, however sparkling and vivacious such might well be in the hands of a twentieth century French master of orchestration. In order fully to gratify the artistic desires of the audience, to resolve the tangle of roused emotions (a resolution which the intervention of Pan, by reason of its unreality, does not supply) it is necessary for the composer to take the matter into his own hands. He must frame

such utterances as will give the clue to what has passed and settle the mind so securely, on that score, that the merry-making which ends the work may seem not out of place as a too-rapid change from the horrors and terrors of the drama, but a truly inspired thanksgiving for liberation from those past troubles. In order that those happenings may be felt to be past and over, something more than even a divine appearance is needed to straighten out matters. And it is this spacious sweeping melody that supplies the need and crowns the architecture of the tale with a shapely line. By that tune the ballet will live in men's memories. Enclosed within it lies the germ of the complete work. It is fashioned wholly on melodic material that has previously been heard. In itself it has beauty and strength. Fully to realise its significance it is necessary to know the complete composition and to see how exquisitely all the themes are dependent on each other and how in this last ample melody all threads are gathered together and all problems solved.

The success with which Ravel has worked over this wide expanse of dramatic narration is due to his unfailing regard for the potential beauty of the main lines of the tale and to the assurance with which he has sacrificed small matters to great issues. In reality he seems to have made no sacrifice. The details of construction are as perfect as in any of his sonata movements. His treatment of the orchestra is as delicate as ever before or since. The tone-colour of each separate instrument is as surely laid on, the actual tones as justly balanced, as in "*Ma Mère l'oye*." The structure is as carefully planned and as nicely placed as in any pianoforte piece or song. For all that immaculateness of detail is subordinated to the general plan, its presence is undoubted. And it is this subordination actually which gives prominence to fragments like the "*Danse Religieuse*" in the first part and the dance of the warriors in the second.

As it stands the tale is dangerously filled with niggling detail that is liable to become futile or precious if unskilfully treated. Ravel being, as he is, a great master of exquisite rightness, might have been expected to be the last composer to be able to weld a long-drawn-out tale together by an embracing vision of its salient points. The simple dignified lines in which he has cast "*Daphnis et Chloé*" are a demonstration of his classical tendencies and a proof of his manifold ability.

SCOTT GODDARD.

CHARLES HUBERT HASTINGS PARRY

At last the long-expected Life of Hubert Parry has appeared. To collect the necessary information, to arrange and focus the details must have entailed labour greater than that which usually falls to a biographer, because there have been few men so full of varied interests as the vigorous and multi-minded Hubert Parry, who fulfils so admirably the preacher's definition of a famous man: "Such as found out musical tunes . . . rich men furnished with ability living peaceably in their habitations."

Judged by the difficulty of the task, the result must be regarded as an unqualified success. We see Sir Hubert Parry presented in his various capacities so clearly and so fully that we can quite understand that the men who came in contact with him in his several occupations could scarcely credit his interest in anything else; that the sailors knew him as Captain Parry and that the villagers at Highnam refused to consider him as a genius, but simply as "just one of us."

Throughout the two volumes we are continually being made aware of the intense sincerity of the man. Nowhere perhaps is his sincerity more clearly shown than in such entries in his diary as: "The performance went well, but the audience did not care for it at all"; "the people seemed to be thoroughly bored"; "after —'s warm work my trio sounded dull." These are the comments of a brave and sincere man. It is not every composer who can sit down and write "my music sounded dull."

The question why many of the works of Parry sounded dull, in spite of good performances, is one which critics have hitherto been unable or unwilling to answer. Nor is the answer to be found in the pages of this Life, though, as we read, various details and *obiter dicta* resolve themselves into a message of explanation, like children who, clothed in various striking colours resolve themselves into a message of welcome to some eminent man of to-day. My purpose now is not to attempt to judge the work of Mr. Charles Graves, which will assuredly rank beside that of Alexander Thayer, and of Philip Spitta, but, if possible, to discover from a study of his Life the causes of those

failures of which Parry himself was aware, and about which he was frequently deeply despondent.

The explanation usually given of Parry's failures is that he was over-worked. This is true, but it is not a convincing explanation. Mozart and Schubert died earlier and wrote more. The works which Schubert dashed off in a single sitting are frequently his best. The actual time spent, measured by the clock, in no way determines the value of the workmanship. It is doubtful if Mozart's last three symphonies would be any better if he had spent more time upon them. Ample leisure is no aid towards perfection, because inspiration will not flow on the strike of a clock, nor can a poor tune be modelled into a good tune by putting in a full morning's work. Tunes occur and developments grow while composers do their daily work and play, and it is safe to say that Parry was composing while straining at the ropes upon his yacht as truly as when he was nibbling at his pen in his own study. Dullness very rarely depends upon the actual time spent upon the work, and generally depends upon some inherent flaw in the thought expressed. Where insufficient labour does affect the work is in the absence, or the monotony, of detail, a blemish which frequently mars the work of Schubert. But insufficient work is not a feature of Parry's music, which is so full of skilful writing that he has been called "the English Bach." No, the dullness of Parry (when he is dull) arises not from the press of external interests, but from his peculiar psychology and mentality.

The reason why some of his works have their undeniably dull moments can be traced in the first place to the fact that he suffered musically from an excess of those very qualities for which he is justly admired—courage, strength, fearlessness, modesty—qualities which made him so superb an example of manhood, particularly of English manhood. Fearless, daring, brave, strong, kind and clever, he would have stood out a man among men, whatever their class, whatever their occupations. For this reason his works invariably won the goodwill of performers. All the members of the orchestra and chorus wished to do their best for him. The men admired and respected him, and the women felt for him whatever emotions women do feel towards a man who fulfils the prophecy of the nursery rhyme and is unusually healthy, wealthy and wise. This superb manliness, however, is not altogether to the advantage of an artist. The greatest men have no doubt been superb types of manliness, but they have been touched by an undefinable quality of tenderness (not to be confounded with effeminacy) which gives them an understanding of the heart of a woman, and with it a feeling for a sensuous and delicately-fashioned beauty. The wholly masculine mind will give us works of great strength, nobility and exalted sentiments, such as did

Michael Angelo and (in a very different manner) Henry Fielding. But in the works of such men there is a noticeable lack of delicate beauty. Beethoven and Dickens, to take two widely different instances, have not only power and strength, but they have a rich vein of tenderness which increases their artistic appeal. Furthermore, the greatest artists have possessed, in addition to their understanding of the instincts of man and woman, a slight understanding of the instincts and ways of the serpent. Thus equipped, they have been able to express all the emotions common to humanity. In spite of this trinity of personalities, the artist, of course, remains his individual self. To possess more than these three instincts makes a man not a trinity, but a nonentity, that is, he possesses so many indefinite personalities that he does not possess a definite personality and becomes merely a compilation of other men's views, like a piece of blotting paper in a public writing-room which absorbs the writings of many men and blends them into confusion.

Parry's music, then, was the utterance of all the finest and noblest emotions of a man, and so long as the emotions to be expressed were such as are common to man, he attained his highest flights of inspiration, but when the emotions transcended his manly experience he nearly always lapsed into dullness. In "At a Solemn Music," "Prometheus," parts of "War and Peace," the "Lamentations of Job," the "Songs of Farewell," to name only a few instances, we feel that he has given expression in the noblest way to emotions, which a more complex psychology might have spoiled. But it must be admitted that there were many emotions common to humanity, erring humanity it may be, which were out of range of Parry's understanding and sympathy (for he seemed to have been spared the many terrible temptations, by the conquest of which notorious sinners have risen to be saints). Consequently we find his attempts at certain forms of expression rather unsympathetic and even dry. For instance, in "Voces Clamantium," he has to speak a message of consolation, and though we will not liken his message to that of Eliphaz the Temanite, yet we cannot but feel that it is not so much sympathy as the wise advice of a kind and fatherly friend. The music is clear and reasonable, but like the "Pieta" of Michael Angelo it lacks sensuous beauty. Very rarely does his music display any tender charm, the most notable exceptions being the part-song "Music when Soft Voices Die," the passage "Strew, Oh Strew," from "Prometheus," and the beautiful music from "St. Cecilia," beginning at the words "Now Under Hanging Mountains."

So also in his settings of words expressing the baser emotions of mankind, the more dramatic he tries to be the more he shows himself

out of sympathy with his subject. For instance, the section of "The Vision of Life," dealing with the pride and greed of Rome (Parry overlooked the fact that Rome gave us laws, discipline and great literature) never for a moment suggests tyranny or any of the vices mentioned in the text. Apart from the question whether music can express evil, his music never even expresses the harshness and ruthlessness of Rome, which it could easily have done. It is noisy, energetic and unintentionally ugly—witness the passage culminating at the word "power."

In the same work he has written a short section describing the set-back of civilisation by the Inquisition. Here, having made no attempt to be dramatic, he has produced a jolly piece of music which makes the Grand Inquisitor as friendly and cheerful as a shanty-man.

Another cause of his occasional dullness is to be found in the fact that he was in many works his own poet. On first thoughts it may seem that the combination of poet and composer within the mind of one man is the ideal condition for the production of master-pieces. Actually it is not so. It is true that Wagner was successful, but we do not know how much better his work might have been if he had supervised, and collaborated with, a poet of real merit. In the first place, when a composer is his own poet, he is inclined, consciously or unconsciously, to play up to his own particular foibles. For instance, if a composer has a tendency to wander, he provides himself with so much literary rope that he generally succeeds in hanging himself, whereas if he had been limited to one or two lines he would have been saved from this self-destruction. How many scenes in Wagner's works would have been improved by a little judicious reticence!

In the second place, the crossing of two closely-related types may certainly accentuate good features, but as all hybridizers know, it also accentuates weaknesses. In vocal music, words are to melodies what props are to vines. If the prop is strong the vine will rise: if the prop is weak, both will collapse. Suppose a composer-poet had written Keats' sonnet "On first looking into Chapman's 'Homer,'" it is unlikely that he would have written, "Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and *bold*." It is much more likely that he would have written "loud and *clear*." Consequently when as composer he sets his commonplace line to music, the words, having no particular strength, let the music sink into the commonplace. But if the composer had been given the line as it stands, would not the word "bold" have compelled him to find some striking melodic end to express the unusual and vigorous epithet of Keats? A disastrous result of Parry providing himself with verses is to be found in the epilogue of "The Vision of Life." We may suppose that Parry had a

good tune running in his mind. It was of curious conformation. To fit this tune Parry wrote :—

“ We think with love of those who fell,
Lost in the stress, living in vain;
Who knew not light nor wisdom's spell,
Wandering helpless, maimed and blind, condemned to helpless
pain.”

Again, later in the same epilogue, he had to fit another tune with words. It borders on the commonplace. If Parry had found a good text, it is quite possible that the tune would have been improved, but by providing it with the following lines :

“ We sing the quest of the soul of man,
The same that he sang when his travels began,”

he has ruined its chances for ever. No music, however good, can live against the handicap of poor words. Allowing for fluctuations in inspiration, we may say that in Parry's music the better the text the better the music.

A third cause of Parry's occasional failures is to be found in his own confession—that he was lazy. Now, when he says “ lazy,” I do not think that he meant that he was not industrious, but that he disliked concentration of a tedious kind. He was of that type of man which loves working out new enterprises, but hates the finicking business of adjusting details, the point of view held by a little boy who was being taught Scripture, and who greeted the news that God created great whales with unmistakable pleasure, but greeted the information that God made flies with a shrug of the shoulders and the remark : “ Niggling business making flies.” With the same point of view Parry delighted in work, but seemed to dislike the concentration needful to turn a good sketch into a finished picture. In nearly every department of his work we notice this unfortunate absence of finish, partly due to his dislike of concentration and partly due to his instinctive distrust of those devices and ornaments which other men have used to set off their work to the best advantage. The wisest man (lest anyone should resent anonymity, I will explain that I mean King Solomon) did not consider his work of art finished until the lily-work upon the pillars was executed : then, and not till then, was the Temple considered complete. Strength and perfection of design are not sufficient : the lily-work must not be overlooked. This fact Parry instinctively refused to acknowledge.

The result of this dislike of concentration, combined with his disap-

proval of the lily-work can be easily seen in his curious poetic rhapsodies. Verses they cannot be called, since they only scan by accident and rhyme when convenient. They are not without fine ideas, but these fine ideas are expressed in a crude and ill-finished manner. Consider seriously the following epilogue from "Voces Clamantium," by no means one of the worst examples:—

" O man look upward where the skies
Are clear, from earth's obscuring shadows free.
Look where thy hope lies
If it be well with thee.

The spirit yearns aright.
The body drags her wings.
Yet follow thou the steadfast light
Nor doubt the inner voice that sings
Of truth and love and strong endeavour,
The soul's aspiring faith that leadeth upward ever."

What does "from earth's obscuring shadows free" mean? Do earth's shadows ever obscure the sky? Does he not really mean "look upward where the skies are clear and not obscured by earth's necessary evils, smoke, cloud and fog"? Again, what does "the body drags her wings" mean? The word "drag" means to pull along, though obviously Parry does not mean this, rather intending, I think, the agricultural figure of speech, "putting the drag on" by weighing down the spirit. The whole passage is very vague, and the picture but dimly perceived. A little more concentration, a little more delight in the execution of the lily-work would have improved the verses enormously, and with the improvement in the verses there would have followed greater significance and interest in the music. In his attitude to work, Parry was an eternal child, and like all children naturally lazy, not because they are not doing anything, but because every new object of interest attracts their attention and prevents them from doing the work in front of them.

The faults of these poetical works have their counterpart in his music, especially in his instrumental music, that is, it lacks concentration and finish. In unaccompanied choral works, the limited range of the voices and the restraining power of the words prevent music from sprawling. Therefore, it is in his unaccompanied music that Parry reached his most consistently high standard of achievement. In instrumental work, Parry's tendency to wander led him to roam about the keyboard in rather wearisomely fussy sequences. Now, sequences are to music what ecclesiastical coughs and diplomatic

"ahema" are to oratory—a means of gaining time. Such passages if they lead from weakness to strength are frequently stimulating, but when they lead from nowhere to nowhere they are inexpressibly tedious, because they are simply a repetition of the same thought at different tonal levels. Sequences of sevenths (much used by Parry) are particularly unpleasant, because in a sequence some sevenths must be major and some minor. Since minor sevenths fall and major sevenths rise, any sequence of sevenths will produce an incorrect resolution of either one or the other.*

It would seem from this lengthy analysis of Parry's failures that he has but little left to his credit. On the contrary, he has sufficient to establish a lasting fame. I have tried to explain his failures from an examination of his works and character. These failures have their compensating successes. If a man has some peculiar gift, he may not always find occasion to use that gift, but when the occasion does arise his success will be the greater. A drummer may have to wait long for recognition, but prove it he will when the circumstances are suitable. Like Berlioz, though in an entirely different way, Parry was dependent upon finding a subject congenial to his temperament.† Parry being, as I have previously pointed out, a single cell organism—the manly cell—was quite unfitted for dramatic work where the crises are caused by the conflicting desires of the woman and the serpent. On the other hand, he was supremely fitted for the expression of the manly and heroic emotions of mankind.‡ And in the expression of these emotions he displays two outstanding virtues (1) his hatred of, and his freedom from, vulgarity; (2) his correct estimate of relative values. Let us consider the first. Exactly what vulgarity is would take too long to explain, but an examination of his most stirring music will show that there is no calculated appeal to the lower instincts of his audience by any rhythmic or technical device, such as the punctuation of melodic periods by ear-catching *clichés*. The other virtue, his correct estimate of relative values, can be detected more easily in what he did not do than in what he did. For instance, he estimated correctly the relative value of atmosphere to the central object of the picture, realising that atmosphere is, as it

* To appreciate how unmusical such passages are, study page 82 of "The Love that Casteth out Fear," page 32; "Voces Clamantium," and the opening pages of the chorale-prelude, "St. Ann's."

† Of the many good qualities which can be traced to his decidedly English character, I have written at length in "Studies and Caprices."

‡ Consider how successful he has been in expressing the following emotions: *Happiness*.—Bacchic song, Hymeneal March ("The Birds"). Out upon it! *Hope*.—Forward through the glimmering darkness ("War and Peace."), we praise the men ("The Vision of Life."). *Meditation*.—To every thing there is a season ("Beyond These Voices"). "Music when soft voices die." *Sorrow*.—Lamentation (Job). There is an old belief. *Praise*.—The glorious company ("Te Deum"), O may we soon again renew that song ("Blest Pair of Sirens").

were, the fleeting expression upon the face of the sitter, important no doubt, but only so far as it reveals the character of the sitter. He did not make the mistake which some composers have made of supplying an atmosphere without a central subject, an anomaly first presented to the world by Lewis Carroll in his whimsical phenomenon—a grin without a cat. So simple and so unobtrusive is Parry's use of atmosphere that we are seldom conscious of it, though had he done it less well we should have certainly missed it. Let anyone listen to *Job* carefully, and notice how admirably, yet how simply, the atmosphere is suggested.*

As a composer of manly, direct music, breezy music, music that demanded no great subtlety of wit or passionate sentiment, Parry will stand for ever beside the greatest composers. In nearly every work he wrote there are one or two splendid moments, but, unfortunately, for concert-givers and students of English music, these passages are surrounded by others with which his peculiar temperament was unfitted to deal effectively. If a wise conductor would construct a programme of Parry's music adding to his wholly successful works a selection of characteristic passages from his less successful works, what a noble and elevating experience we might have! What a revelation of the true purpose and meaning of music, and what a gospel of hope and happiness for those who sincerely love their fellow-men!

A. E. BRENT SMITH.

* Nor did Parry require the orchestra as a means of creating atmosphere, being equally successful in unaccompanied vocal music. How wonderfully, yet how inexplicably, the mystery of "There is an old belief" is suggested!

ON THE STUDY OF MUSIC

Music, of all the arts, is at once the most intangible and the most universal. Intangible, because it appeals to the ear, and is in itself independent of any outward and visible signs; because it is purely non-imitative and exists for itself and in itself. Universal, because every inhabitant of the globe possesses in his own organism an instrument to produce it, and the means of making that instrument sound. We must consider these two qualities in turn.

The arts of painting and of sculpture are wholly based upon imitation, and upon the reproduction with pigment upon canvas, or with chisel upon marble, of objects which have met the eye. The individuality which these arts possess is due to the arrangement and treatment of the objects seen, and to the taste and skill of the artist who groups and treats them. Unless figures and landscapes existed in nature, there would be no painters or sculptors. The rude beginnings of drawing by pre-historic races are imitative from the start. Raphael and Rembrandt, Phidias and Michael Angelo, are only supreme masters of the perfection of imitation, and of idealization, by means of the setting and the treatment, of the various aspects of the living figure and of nature's scenery. The qualities which gain them the title of "artists" are the temperament and the poetry which assure to them their individual touch in their portrayals of what they have seen. The art of architecture is inherently less imitative than either painting or sculpture: invention of forms and designs being capable of complete independence, although in practice many of them have had their beginnings in the imitation of natural objects, such as trees, flowers, leaves, and such-like.

Music, however, has in its essence nothing to copy and possesses an entirely spontaneous existence of its own. It is capable of rousing the deepest emotion without any assistance from the spoken word or the acted scene. It is founded upon nothing external in nature, and is the only art of which the appeal can be said to reach beyond the boundaries of human beings. Birds possess it, though in a form (the cuckoo excepted) not as a rule comprehensible to or accurately reproducible by man. Dogs appreciate it, and show symptoms of like or dislike when they hear it. (Some, within my own experience, have tried not wholly without success to sing a given note.) The old fable of Orpheus was not without foundation or significance. The inherent qualities of music, therefore, have a wider appeal than any other art.

Whereas, too, painting and sculpture begin with the reproduction of material objects, music existed before any attempt was made to write it down. The formulas of expressing notes upon paper had to be invented after music had already long begun. Those formulas were the first efforts to make the art less intangible; but they are only at best indications of the indefinable. They express a given pitch and a given period of time, but they cannot express the quality of sound. The notes of a song are in immutable black and white upon paper. No two voices which sing the notes will produce the same qualities of sound or expression. No two violins which play them will sound alike. Of all the arts, therefore, music is the most indefinable, unmaterialistic, and intangible.

It is also the most universal. All human beings who are not dumb (and most animals) can make sounds in their throats. All who are not stone-deaf can hear them. There is in reality no such thing as an unmusical ear, except as a physical deformity or disability. There are plenty of cases in which the musical sense is dormant, and so persistently kept so, that the awakening of the sense becomes more and more difficult, or even is atrophied altogether. Even in these cases it will be hard to find any instance of inability to judge whether a speaking voice is pitched low or high, though it is impossible for an undeveloped ear to tell that the difference of pitch is a tenth or an octave or a sixth. The power of defining the difference, and of appreciating the intermediate steps of sound between depth and height is the first awakening of the ear from sleep. Some ears may be naturally sharp, many may be dull: but all are capable of arriving sooner or later at the point of dividing differences of pitch into definite component steps of sound, and only need careful and persistent training to do so. The Western nations can so far only appreciate steps of half a tone, anything less being described as "in or out of tune." Eastern races can define lesser intervals, which to Western ears are inappreciable. This is an additional proof that what is true of thoroughly practised and refined ears is equally true of those which are undeveloped. If Easterns are capable of dividing an octave into twenty-one notes, Westerns can (with centuries of civilisation at their back) get as far as dividing it into twelve. Long custom has kept their ears dormant to any closer division.

The most important helpmate of sound is rhythm. Recurrent defined rhythm is appreciable to every man, woman and child, whether his ear is musically dormant or not. Barbarians begin with it and make it the nest upon which they sit to hatch musical sounds. But rhythms, too, need cultivation and refinement when they become complicated and interwoven. The ear which can appreciate the tum-tum-tum, tum-tum-tum, of "Kentish fire" (as it is called) has

to go several steps up the ladder before it will attain to the understanding of the rhythms of a march or waltz, and a great deal higher before it can appreciate those of a Beethoven Symphony or a Wagner opera. We may say, then, that the steps between the appreciation of the rhythm of "Kentish fire" and the Nibelungen-Ring are parallel to those between the appreciation of the high and low pitch of a speaker's voice and of the chromatic scale. But any human being in possession of his faculties can be trained to take these steps, even if he is slow at negotiating them; and to omit this training is to deprive him of one of the greatest comforts and pleasures of the human race. It is also to bury the talent in a napkin: for the talent is there all the time—the instrument, be it good or bad or indifferent, which nature has provided by the vocal cords and the physical bellows to set them in vibration. A babe knows by instinct how to carry out this process as soon as it enters into the world. Its first act is the spontaneous production of a sound from its throat and lungs. Education can teach it how to vary the sound, and define it, as it can teach it to develope inarticulate mouthings into intelligible words. Moreover, rhythm, such as the ticking of a watch, will catch a child's ear and fascinate it as soon as musical sounds themselves. The mother, who sang lullabies in the centuries of long ago, founded them by nature upon rhythm.

That any human being can say without a blush that he has no ear for music is a blot upon the system of education upon which he was reared. He has been neglected in his growing days, and is paying the penalty for it. A parrot can do that which he says, without shame, that he is incapable of. Even Dr. Johnson was constrained to admit that music, of all noises, was the least disagreeable. He made, by that admission, one step towards awakening his dormant ear. If he had believed in his Shakespeare as thoroughly as he knew him, he would have lamented over the risk he was running of becoming fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.

The study of music in all its aspects must therefore be all the more difficult because of the impossibility of laying down any definite laws, save those of ugliness and beauty. A painter who deliberately painted a face with one eye in the middle of the forehead, the nose with the nostrils at the top, and a perpendicular mouth, would be offending against the laws of nature; a composer, who writes down ugly sounds, jarring and inconsequent discords, and formless, unhinged movements, is only offending against the laws of taste and common sense. The difficulty for the musical hearer is to differentiate between what is inherently ugly and will always remain so, and what is only unfamiliar and experimental. He can only surmount this difficulty by training his ear to the highest point of refinement, and bringing

breadth of view as well as sound critical judgment to aid in the training; by tracing the gradual developments of the art from the time that it came by intelligible symbols within the scope of criticism, and watching the results of good work and the fate of bad work in the past.

Although music is, when performed, the sole property of the ear, it is also possible (and highly advisable) to learn how to hear by the eye. Anyone knows when he reads a book or a speech in print how the words would sound if they were recited aloud. He does not require to read aloud in order to be able to understand the meaning of the most involved sentence. The same power is attainable in music. If the ear is sufficiently trained to enable its possessor to reproduce a printed piece of music with his voice, or his fingers upon an instrument, it is but one step further to be able to imagine the sounds by reading it, without actually hearing them. This faculty is one far easier to attain than most people imagine. To a practised musician it is as easy to read a score and to hear it simultaneously with the mind's eye, as it is to a literary man to read a Shakespeare play and follow by the imagination the effects of the declamation and the action. Composers, as a rule, write by the mind's eye at a table, and not at a musical instrument. Beethoven, if he had not done so, would not have created his finest works when he was stone-deaf. This double sense, or rather combinations of senses, is the unique possession of musicians. A blind painter or sculptor is a contradiction in terms. Not so a deaf musician. Some musicians have taken greater pleasure reading the scores of the great composers, and imagining how they ought to sound when rendered to perfection, than in hearing them with the drawbacks of human failings and executive shortcomings. Boito, the composer of "*Mefistofele*," who was one of the closest students and most enthusiastic admirers of Sebastian Bach, always expressed his preference for reading that composer's scores, as he could not believe that any mortal man could do them really adequate justice, or that the most scientifically made instruments could ensure the effects which the composer imagined when he wrote them. Living, as Boito did, in Italy, where concert performances of choral music are a rarity, the oratorios and cantatas of Bach would have been a sealed book to him without this faculty of hearing with the eye. Any person who can reproduce a piece of printed music upon an instrument, or who can sing it, has already made a stride in the attainment of this power. The mind has imagined the position and sound of the note before the sound is made: all that is necessary is to extend the same system to several notes at once, and develop the rapidity of reading them. It is not a gift alone, as many imagine. Like all accomplishments, the attainment is easier to some than to

others, but it is within the grasp of quick and slow alike. The faculty will be developed still more speedily if the student practises and perfects the power of easy and accurate reading at sight. Sight-reading is but a more rapid form of ordinary reading. The transmission of a written note to the brain, and its consequent production by the finger or the voice, is the first necessity of a player or singer. The quicker he carries out this process, and the more he cultivates the power of retaining the notes before him in his memory and of reading ahead as he reproduces them, the nearer he gets to good sight-reading. The technique with which he produces the notes is a secondary matter; he may make plenty of mistakes, but if he knows that they are mistakes, they do not matter in the pursuance of this particular study. The main aim must be to go on, and without stammering, stuttering, or hitches. By degrees, in the hands of a man who has a fair measure of technical ability, the blunders will minimise themselves, and the goal will be won. The gaining of it will have the instant effect of making the brain more easily capable of hearing a printed score with the mind's eye. It is only a rapid reader who can take the cream off a book; "skimming," as it is usually called. The more analytical and careful the reader, the greater the ease with which he can absorb the important points and make his deductions of the rest from them. The careless or incompetent reader cannot skim: he will not know the cream from the milk. Most readers, if not all, skim. If they did not, it would be physically impossible for them to keep pace with the production of important books. A reader of a full orchestral score has to skim, for it is not within human capability to follow every note of any subsidiary instrument; he has to grasp the main structure and take a mass of the details for granted: otherwise he will lose sight of the design and the character (especially in quick movements) in glueing an analytical eye to the component parts. He will be turning his telescope on to the shape and figuration of individual rocks and crevasses, instead of taking a broad view of the outline and effect of the whole mountain. The sight-reader is not helped by telescopes or microscopes, however necessary they may be to the creator of the music. His business is to take the widest view of a work as a whole, and to appraise it as a finished piece of art, just as he will judge the scenery of a theatrical piece, not by the painting of a single cloud or tree, but by the general effect of the design and the colour-scheme.

This is the reward which awaits the music-lover who can reproduce music from rapid reading and who can imagine the sound without actually hearing it. The two faculties are intertwined and can help each other at every turn.

It cannot, however, be too clearly stated that the possession of

instrumental or vocal technique is not necessary in order to ensure mind's eye reading. Many who cannot play a note on an instrument have been able to read a score with ease. An excellent example of the truth of this contention was Sir George Grove. He had no executive gifts at all, had been trained as an engineer, and knew his music only by picking it up in leisure moments. But when he came to be the Secretary of the Crystal Palace, and, in the course of his duties there, founded the well-known Saturday concerts, at which all the ancient and modern works of the great masters were performed by an admirable orchestra, he was able by self-training to read a score so easily that he started the now universal system of Analytical Programmes, describing to the public all the main points of the structure and instrumental colour of each work, and thereby cultivating the taste and adding to the knowledge of those who listened. No doubt if he had been a practised professional musician, and had gone through the mill of learning to read at sight upon an instrument, the task would have been far easier for him. But he grappled with it, in spite of his disadvantages from lack of early training, and what he, the builder of lighthouses in Bermuda and Jamaica, the lieutenant of Stephenson in the construction of the Britannia Bridge, and in the laying out of the London and North-Western Railway, could find time to do in his leisure moments, any student with a love for music can at least try to emulate.

Books on music are dry bones unless their readers can clothe them with a fair knowledge and a sufficiently vivid memory of the sounds which they describe. The actual aural experience of musical works is often not within the grasp of all. Many live out of reach of orchestras, of choral societies, and of opera houses. Most musicians who have the good fortune to live in centres where such advantages are ready to their hand hear only a tithe or less of the great works which have been written. No man alive has ever heard the whole of the compositions of Palestrina, of Bach, or of Mozart. But he can read many in his own room, which he will never hear: and the most isolated student in a remote land can, if he has ever heard an orchestra, apply his memory of the tone colour of many a symphony or concerto to a printed score on his desk: provided always that he has mastered the art of hearing with his eyes. He can even go further, and if he has heard a great artist play, he can recall his reading. Any mind-reader who heard Joachim interpret the later quartets of Beethoven can hear him play them now in memory, while reading a miniature score of them in his study chair.

The question is often asked how is music written? Of all queries it is the hardest to answer, just because music is in itself intangible. It is the step beyond reading with the mind's eye. If the brain is a

creative one, it will be able to invent the sounds and combinations of them, and the mind's eye will crystallise them into symbols. No one asks how a letter or a book is written. The brain creates the thoughts, the mind formulates them, and the pen writes down the symbols which represent the formulæ. The educated writer of a poem does not need to read it aloud in order to know that it makes sense and is an intelligible transcript of letters and words. The practised composer of music does not need to hear voices and instruments play the notes he has put down in order to know if they represent his ideas. A poem, if it is a good one, may gain enormously by recitation; the music by performance. But there is no substantial difference between the two processes. In the case of the poem the ideas are transcribed in terms of letters, which combine to form words and sentences; in the case of music, in terms of sounds which combine to make melodies, chords and phrases. The marvel is not in the material writing down of the symbols, but in the brain-power which imagines the sounds which the symbols represent. For the composer the power of hearing with the eye is a *sine qua non*. For the hearer it is, if he is to be thoroughly equipped and intelligent, essential.

To sum up: There is no such thing as an unmusical ear in normal human nature. Everyone who has a naturally musical ear, or who has had a dormant ear awakened to the appreciation of musical sounds, is capable of attaining the power of hearing music by means of the imagination and the eye. The student of music, even if he never aspires to creative or executive skill and is content to be one of those who are almost as necessary to the world as the artists, namely, the listeners, should equip himself with this faculty, if he is to leaven the mass of his fellows in the audience with intelligence and critical acumen; or even to gain the maximum of enjoyment for himself.

By the late CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD.

AN ACOUSTIC QUESTIONNAIRE FOR ORGANISTS

ORGANISTS from the nature of their work have often an empirical knowledge of the acoustics of buildings, and adapt themselves instinctively to the conditions of their church. Every church is an instrument to the tone produced within it, and the instrument varies. Variation is first due to the length of the "reverberation," that is, to the time taken for a full chord on the great organ to die away after the hand is raised from the keys. Reverberation is measured in seconds. Thus a full chord in St. Paul's is said to take 12 seconds; in York Minister 9 or 10 seconds. A single note will give about three-quarters the reverberation of a full chord. In observing reverberation the source—whether a single note or a chord—should be noted. A quite common reverberation (for a single note loudness) in churches is four or five seconds, or about twice as long as that of a large concert room. This means that notes are prolonged and consequently overlap, and questions of tempo arise. The longer the reverberation the slower must music be taken if it is to be heard articulately. In large churches the music that can be heard most accurately is either modal music and its derivatives or else slow unison—that is to say, music developed in the church auditory rather than the concert room auditory. In mediæval modal music, as is well known, there is no strict time element such as beats at all: but it is not generally recognised that there is an acoustic reason for this, and that the acoustic conditions of the mediæval church, which directly produced modal music, are still the conditions under which many modern choirs have to work.*

Another factor that causes church to differ from church, and makes a church an instrument different from a concert room, is that of tonality. The phenomenon known as the "sympathetic note" of the church is a region of pitch within which the voice is reinforced by the building to a greater degree than in other regions. The commonest note for large churches is the A in the treble clef, and

* The shorter reverberation of the eighteenth century or Wren church suitable to the requirements of the pulpit gave place at the Gothic revival to the tall vaulted church with true mediæval acoustic conditions.

when, for instance, Barnby's Litany in A is sung in a church having that sympathetic note it is easier for the choir to keep in tune than in a church having, say A flat. Some large churches divided by tall screens have two different sympathetic "notes" as, for instance, Ripon Cathedral, which has A in the nave and A flat in the chancel. This is a serious disadvantage. Sometimes, as in Christchurch Cathedral, Oxford, the sympathetic note of the church is A and the major third from A is also reinforced by some particular cell of the church. But apart from freak phenomena—the "note" of a church can be a help if it is recognised and used. Here again modal music has the advantage of an acoustic tradition: pitch has not an absolute value in modal music and compositions can often be transposed without losing their character—which was probably done constantly in early days to suit the "note" of the church. Also in any church the sympathetic note is that on which it is easier for the precentor to recite the service. Modal music developed from the reciting note of the priest, and in the Gregorian modes the "reciting note" is always the dominant of the mode. The verse of the psalm was divided into two parts, the intoning led up to the reciting note and a cadence from that closed the first half of the verse. The reciting note began the second half and led to a final cadence. The Ambrosian chants had a different intonation to the Gregorian—this must have been due (among other factors) to the difference of tonality between the Lombardic Church of St. Ambrose, at Milan, and the old Basilica of St. Peter, at Rome. The measuring of notes by bars was impossible because the sound must gradually fill the church and as gradually be withdrawn. Hence the characteristic crescendos and diminuendos of modal music. In choral music the link with church acoustics, as a formative factor in composing, remained until the monodic revolution and the designing of music for the concert room and opera house. But nothing can alter the fact that a good church is still the finer instrument for voices, as the concert room for strings. The long reverberation gives to voices fullness of tone and a sense of power which no other conditions can quite reproduce. A small choir that have learned their church and know how to use its tone character may have a more useful instrument than their organ. Also a choir-master who knows his church will be tempted to compose for it such music as is suitable—as occurred in early times.

Historically the organ was developed in church in order (1) to imitate voice tone, and (2) give a tone contrast as accompaniment to voices. The two functions exist to-day. But there has grown up also another function—that of imitating in a church, music that is designed for a concert room. The acoustic results of this latter in

a large church are frequently nothing but chaos. The chaos is not detected by the organist unless his console is detached from the blast of his pipes. It should be recognised that the church continually modifies the rendering given by the organ: and the organist should play his church as well as his organ. Hence the necessity for detached consoles.

The placing of the organ in a church is important. Many organists prefer a west gallery and for good reason. The west wall and the vault over the gallery are then useful reflectors and direct sound by the shortest path down on to the congregation. A choir for the same reason is better placed high up. A small well trained choir in a high gallery is more efficient than a large choir on the chancel floor. Organs are frequently—from an acoustic point of view—too large for their church. Owing to reverberation a small instrument in a church is equivalent in power—if properly placed—to a large instrument in a concert room. But it is liable to be proportionately harsh in tone. For that reason an organ requires careful tuning in church and keeping in tune.

When music having orchestral parts is to be played in large churches, as in cases of festivals, a compromise is necessary in order to get moderate conditions for both voices and instruments. It is possible to give Bach's B Minor Mass fairly articulately in a church having a reverberation of three seconds (single note).^{*} The tempo should be adapted, and the conductor should listen to the music once or twice from a distance of, say 60 feet. Reverberation can be reduced on the occasion of festivals by introducing large areas of flags, carpeting, and canvas wagon covers: these should not be placed near the choir, but at the opposite end of the church. This is most necessary in order to rehearse properly when the church is empty. The most powerful sound-absorbent for reducing reverberation is the congregation and the presence of a congregation will quite alter tone conditions. But both congregation and permanent absorbents, such as hangings, are necessary.

In practice many organists may have found their experience has suggested other ways and other compromises to those suggested above. Some may have taken the bull by the horns and reverted entirely to modal music. Some churches, such as Leeds Parish Church, having galleries, have a reverberation so short that when the church is full choral tone is seriously impaired, but on the other hand, instrumental music can be accurately rendered. Each large church is really a school of music of its own for the purely physical reasons I

^{*} The reverberation of Westminster Abbey is considerably less than that of St. Paul's, but in my opinion is too long for an articulate rendering of the instrumental parts of the B Minor Mass.

have shown, and choir masters all over the country have doubtless for years worked quietly making artistic use of the material to their hand. For this reason information is worth collecting and the following questions are only a framework upon which data can be hung, and opinions given.

(1) What is the reverberation in seconds in your church (either given by a single note or a full chord on the great organ)? What is the maximum reverberation in your opinion that can be dealt with in a large church without destroying the articulation of music?

(2) What is the sympathetic note of your church? Do your choir find it easier to sing in a key related to that pitch? Are other notes (such as the major third above the sympathetic note) also reinforced unequally by the church, or are there any marked acoutic phenomena?

(3) Would you prefer to hear a highly trained choir in a church or in a concert room, and for what reasons?

(4) What choral work of any size sounds best in your church and what steps do you take to get the best interpretation under church conditions? Should music, in your opinion, be taken slower generally speaking in a church than in a concert room?

(5) Have you ever composed a piece of choral music specially for your church as an instrument, to be sung either unaccompanied or accompanied?

(6) What large church, in your opinion, is best for unaccompanied choral music?

(7) What is the position you would prefer for a choir in a church? Have you ever had your choir in a temporary position which proved to be superior for sound?

(8) In your opinion is the tone of organ music superior in a church or in a concert room?

(9) What position do you prefer for an organ in a church? What sized organ do you believe in for a large parish church?

(10) What large church, in your opinion, is the best for organ music?

HOPE BAGENAL.

AT THE BACK OF SOME DEDICATIONS

A COMPOSER'S dedications necessarily imply much that touches his life, his friendships, his relations to many people, and his work itself, most nearly. They are not to be left out of account by students of the lives of musicians. What do not the dedications of Beethoven's compositions tell in regard to his life, the circumstances in which from time to time he was placed, the progress of his friendships, the influences that were brought to bear upon him in one way or another, the relations in which he stood to the Vienna of his time! How carefully are they considered by Thayer, his biographer! In the case of no other composer, perhaps, is there so much significance in these marks of friendly consideration or, in some cases, of patronage by the nobility. The old system of patronage, however, had largely passed away; the passionate independence of Beethoven had been largely influential in sweeping away the last vestiges of it.

By the time the "romantic" composers came upon the scene, it was entirely a thing of the past; and dedications had less relation to that form of gratitude which consists in the hope of favours still to come. It is interesting to consider the bearings of the dedications which three of the great leaders of the "romantic" movement of the first third of the nineteenth century made to each other—Schumann, Chopin and Liszt. Of the possible combinations, only one is lacking. Schumann dedicated his "Kreisleriana," Op. 16, to Chopin, his "Fantaisie," Op. 17, to Liszt; Chopin dedicated his Ballade in F, Op. 38, to Schumann, his Etudes, Op. 10, to Liszt; Liszt dedicated his sonata in B minor to Schumann; but by some chance, Chopin is the "dedikee," as Robert Louis Stevenson used to call it, of no composition of Liszt's. Yet they were friends and for some time in close personal relations; and Liszt's fervent and generous admiration for the Polish composer is permanently recorded in his brilliant essay upon him and his music, and in his transcriptions of his songs.

It may be said that much is told in these dedications, but that, also, something is concealed behind them. What is told and what is concealed forms an amusing little chapter of the musical biography of the time. The facts that subsisted behind these dedications do not tell a story wholly of brotherly love and complete mutual

admiration, or of unanimous striving toward one and the same end. The brethren—and sisters, it may also be said—of the romantic period of the 'thirties, 'forties and 'fifties, may have been heading in the same general direction, but there was enough diversion in their aims to add a few more vivacities and stresses to that stormy time.

Chopin owed a heavy debt of gratitude to Schumann, who never showed himself more of a seer and a prophet, a critic in the highest sense, than in his published criticisms of the young Polish composer, from the very beginning of his career. Schumann's first essay as a musical critic, which appeared in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* of December 7, 1831, when he was a youth of 21, was entitled "An Opus 2" and was devoted to Chopin's Variations on "La ci darem la mano." In it occurs the historic remark, that has since become a classical locus in musical criticism, "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius"; and the whole article seethes with the enthusiasm, the fancy and gay humour, as well as the artistic insight that were to inform so much of Schumann's critical writings in the years to come. In it, too, is made the first appearance of Florestan and Eusebius, already fully characterised.

Three years later Schumann founded the *Neue Zeitschrift der Musik*, in which he continued for ten years his activities as a musical critic and journalist, with the sympathy and insight, the poetic gift, the generous enthusiasm that stamped him as one of the greatest of his guild. During all this time his enthusiasm was aroused by nobody more than by Chopin. He wrote more articles on Chopin and his music than on any other composer or any other subject. They are all couched in terms that clearly set forth the importance of the man for modern art and disclose an appreciation of his music that has not been surpassed by any who have come later, and that has been ratified in the fullest measure by posterity.

Schumann's correspondence shows equally his admiration and comprehension of this "proudest and most poetic spirit of his time," as he called Chopin. His personal relations with Chopin, on the occasions that brought them together, were likewise a frank expression of the same feelings. His letters wherein he describes their meetings overflow with delight. "And Schumann understood Chopin," as James Huneker wrote, "else he could not have written the 'Chopin' of the 'Carnaval,' which quite out-Chopins Chopin."

No wonder, then, that Chopin should respond to this admiring friendship with the dedication of one of his capital works, the Ballade in F, Op. 38, which appeared in 1840. It is characteristic of Schumann's candour that in writing of it in his *Zeitschrift* he should speak of it as "different" from the first Ballade (in G minor) and

as "standing as a work of art below it, yet not less fantastic and intellectual"—"a remarkable piece."

Schumann's "Kreisleriana," Op. 16, which appeared in 1838, being among the works which at that time he regarded as his "best," he intended at first to dedicate to Clara Wieck, not yet his bride. To her he more than half promised them, and she, he intimates more than once in his letters, was in his mind when he was composing them. But when they appeared, they appeared as his tribute of admiration for Chopin.

What Chopin's response was is not on record. According to one of his biographers, Scharlitt, Chopin was noticeably cool towards his German champion; there was more enthusiasm on Schumann's side than on Chopin's. As for the "Kreisleriana," alas, there is every reason to believe that he put no value on Schumann's embodiment of his sentiments in this music, however much he may have prized the sentiments themselves. He cared nothing for Schumann's music, had no sympathy with it, and no understanding of it. He never played it himself in his public appearances as a virtuoso; it was not to be found on his desk or on his pianoforte. He never gave it to his pupils to study. When Schumann sent him once a finely bound copy of his "Carnaval" upon its publication in 1837—that "Carnaval" containing the exquisite movement interpreting Chopin's own spirit—his only comment upon it was, "How beautifully they get up these things in Germany!" And when Schlesinger, the Paris publisher of many of Chopin's own works, was thinking of undertaking the publication of the "Carnaval" in France, Chopin advised him that the "Carnaval" was not music at all!

The personal relations between Chopin and Liszt had been of the closest in their earliest years together in Paris; but they cooled. "We are friends; we were comrades," said Chopin in 1842. Of a circumstance that occurred in the course of one of Liszt's amorous escapades and that shocked his fastidious taste and severed their relations, he said that he could not forget that nor certain other things; and that he was much better as he was, with their intimate relations severed. He thought at one time that Liszt had written newspaper articles unfavourable to him; and Liszt's colossal successes as a concert virtuoso so far surpassed his own that there may well have been a feeling of jealousy and resentment. When he heard that Liszt intended to write an account of one of his concerts in a musical journal, Chopin is said to have remarked with a certain bitterness, "He will give me a little kingdom in his empire." Liszt's great essay on Chopin was not published till 1852, three years after his death.

Yet Chopin could not but feel a profound admiration for Liszt's

playing. He was delighted with his performance of the *Etudes*, Op. 10, that he dedicated to Liszt in 1838, and declared that he "wished he could rob him of it." He said to one of his pupils, "I like my music when Liszt plays it." But he did not like Liszt's music; he played it and taught it no more than he did Schumann's. It should not be forgotten, however, that many of Liszt's more ambitious and seriously intended compositions were not written till after Chopin's death in 1849. What Chopin knew were chiefly the brilliant operatic paraphrases of Liszt's virtuoso days, some of his songs and his transcriptions of songs; and the bad taste in which many of these abound displeased Chopin. Dedications of such things to Chopin would have been obviously incongruous; and there are no dedications by Liszt to Chopin.

The relations of Robert Schumann and Clara Wieck, afterwards Mme. Schumann, with Franz Liszt underwent a marked change in the years between their first meeting, about 1838, and the time when Schumann, a broken man, was overtaken by the loss of his reason; and, so far as relates to Mme. Schumann, the time of Liszt's death in 1886. When they first met him, both were enraptured by the magic of his playing, overcome by its brilliancy and power. They were both brought under the spell of his personality also in those years and could not sufficiently admire either the artist or the man. Their letters and diaries are full of him for a time. Schumann's articles about his playing, in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, were paeans of praise. Schumann was in ecstasies over his performance of his (Schumann's) compositions—yet, as he acknowledged, it was "not always as I had conceived them." Robert and Clara in those years made few reservations about Liszt; but they made some. These reservations increased, especially in the comments of Clara Schumann, as time went on. Her horizon had its limits and she had her prejudices, and when these grew upon her she was a sour person, not to say a bitter. She was a much-tried woman, and much is to be allowed for the experiences of her life. But she was an implacable enemy and never forgave or forgot.

In the first flush of Schumann's admiration he dedicated to Liszt his *Fantasie*, Op. 17, which appeared in print in 1839. This was the time of their greatest intimacy, when, having been in Schumann's company for a day, Liszt remarked that it seemed to him as if they had known each other for twenty years; and Schumann agreed to it. Liszt had done much for Schumann already. He had played his music in various parts of Europe when no other pianist but Clara Wieck would look at it; and the great authority of his name and the splendour of his playing had given it a consideration it could never otherwise have gained at that time. He had also published

an enthusiastic essay about Schumann and his music at a time when he was personally unacquainted with him (in the *Gazette Musicale*, 1837). Schumann appreciated both and was flattered by them.

Liszt acknowledged the dedication of Schumann's "Fantaisie" with these words: "It is a work of the loftiest kind. I am indeed proud of the honour you do me in inscribing to me a composition of such grandeur. So I wish to work at it and penetrate it thoroughly in order to make with it all the effect possible." And that these were not mere formal expressions of politeness his whole subsequent attitude towards Schumann's music testifies.

Liszt naturally responded in kind, with a dedication of his own; but he waited, perhaps, a little too long. His sonata in B minor was published in 1854, inscribed to Robert Schumann. But the Schumanns had long since changed their minds about Liszt, his personality, his compositions, even his playing. There had also been an unfortunate estrangement over an incident of no great importance, that occurred in discussion in a social evening, though it had been patched up.

Before its publication Liszt had played his sonata to Schumann, and his account of it is grim. Liszt was visiting Düsseldorf, where the Schumanns were living—it was probably in 1853—and paid them a visit. Clara played something; and Liszt, who had brought with him the manuscript of his sonata, played it in his turn. He recounted his experience thus:—

"I played it to him once, quite passably. Schumann listened to it at the piano, reading it. He did not know at all what to make of it. At the adagio he began to back away, and when I was through he was at the door!"

This being the state of Schumann's feelings, it may occur to some to wonder why Liszt chose precisely this sonata to dedicate to him. The answer would be, probably, that he wished to do the greatest honour he could to one whom he had valued so highly, and that he considered his sonata to be one of his most important compositions for the pianoforte.

The sonata was published and came to Mme. Schumann after her husband had been sent to the sanitarium, where he spent the last years of his life in hopeless insanity. Brahms played it to her and she records her impressions of it, and of some other of Liszt's compositions that came with it:—

"The things are awful! Brahms played them to me, but they made me quite miserable. . . . It is only meaningless noise—not a healthy idea in them, everything confused, not a clear harmonic progression to be found. And now I must write to thank him for it—it is really terrible!"

Liszt's efforts on behalf of Schumann's music, however, were never relaxed; and as Liszt's biographers take some pleasure in pointing out, the Schumanns were perfectly willing to accept his kind offices in producing Schumann's opera of "Genoveva" at Weimar, when it made a failure elsewhere, and in other matters. Mme. Schumann never changed her attitude toward him, however, except to dislike him more. She refused to take part in a musical festival because Liszt was to conduct in it; and she even remained away from the unveiling of her husband's monument in Zwickau, his birthplace, simply for the reason that Liszt was to be present! The crown of her achievement in this direction was reached, however, when the great complete edition of her husband's works was begun by Breitkopf & Härtel in 1886. She was, not unnaturally, appointed editor of the undertaking, and in that capacity, thirty years after her husband's death, she erased his dedication of the *Fantaisie* in C, Op. 17, to Franz List; and it stands to-day, in the definitive edition of his works, without the inscription that the composer put upon it!

Decidedly, the dedications of these three romantic leaders to one another do not tell the whole story.

RICHARD ALDRICH.

THE ARTIST AND HIS FELLOWS

" There is
One great society alone on earth :
The noble living and the noble dead."

Wordsworth.

In a penetrating essay on " The Artist and His Audience,"* Clutton-Brock, contrasting Whistler's opinion that " art is not a social activity at all " with Tolstoi's that " it is nothing else," comes to the conclusion that the truth lies halfway between these extreme views. " There is," he decides, " a necessary relation between the work of art and its audience, even if no actual audience for it exists; and the fact that this relation must be, even when there is no audience in existence, is the paradox and problem of art. . . . Art is not merely ' expression,' but also a means of address; in fact, we do not express ourselves except when we address ourselves to others, even though we speak to no particular, or even existing, audience. . . . All art gets its very form from the fact that it is a method of address. A story is a story because it is told, and told to someone not the teller. A picture is a picture because it is painted to be seen. And music is music, and has the form which makes it music, because it is addressed to the ear. . . . Day-dreaming is not art because it is addressed to no one, but is a purposeless activity of the mind. It becomes art only when there is the purpose of address in it."

But this address, Clutton-Brock hastens to insist, is to an ideal, not to any actual audience. " The artist," he says, " is not a public servant, but a man speaking for himself, and with no thought of effects, to anyone who will hear. The particular likes and dislikes, stupidities, limitations, demands, of individual men or classes are nothing to him. His business is not to find an audience, but to find the right attitude towards one, the attitude which is that of the artist and not of the tradesman, or peacock, or philanthropist. It is the universal in him that speaks to the universal in them, and yet this universal finds an intensely personal expression." " Whistler's truth," then, he finds, " is that the public must not tell an artist what he is to do; Tolstoi's, that a public with a right relation to the artist will help the artist to have a right relation to the public,"

* Arthur Clutton-Brock: " Essays on Art."

and he sums up his own doctrine thus: "The artist speaks and we listen; but still he speaks to us, and by listening wisely we help him to speak his best, for man is a social being; and all life, in so far as it is what it wishes to be, is a fellowship."

The vital importance of fellowship to the artist is clearly implied in this analysis by Clutton-Brock of two enlightening but often ignored truths. In such general works on sociology as those of Cooley* both of them will be found amplified. They are correlative and complementary. The first is that the artistic process is essentially social, or, as Clutton-Brock puts it, "Art is a means of address; we do not express ourselves except when we address others." This is expanded by Cooley to cover not only art, but all higher activities. "The impulse to communicate," he insists, "is not so much a result of thought as it is an inseparable part of it. They are like root and branch, two phases of a common growth, so that the death of one presently involves that of the other. . . . Everyone, in proportion to his natural vigour, necessarily strives to communicate to others that part of his life which he is trying to unfold in himself. It is a matter of self-preservation, because without expression thought cannot live."† And again, "We have no higher life that is really apart from other people. It is by imagining them that our personality is built up. Apart from this mental society there is no wisdom, no power, justice, or right, no higher existence at all. The life of the mind is essentially a life of intercourse."‡

The second truth, expressed by Clutton-Brock in the observation that the actual audience is never the ideal one, and that the artist has therefore always to appeal from individual men and classes to what is universal in them, is also generalised by Cooley to the principle that the actual environment always needs widening, either in space or in time, or in both. He makes an admirable analysis of the widening of the environment in space brought about by modern methods of communication, finding in it on the whole great advantages, though he also recognises certain dangers. "There are," he says, "two kinds of individuality, one of isolation and one of choice, and modern conditions foster the latter while they efface the former. They tend to make life rational and free instead of local and accidental. . . . Human nature is enfranchised, and works on a larger scale as regards both its conformities and its non-conformities." He exemplifies the individuality of isolation in the illiterate people of the North Carolina mountains, "living on their own corn, pork, and neighbourhood

* Charles H. Cooley: "Human Nature and the Social Order," "Social Organisation," and "Social Process."

† "Human Nature and the Social Order," page 56.

‡ Op. cit., page 60.

traditions," and shows that such local individuality "can hardly survive the new communication." He has little comfort to give lovers of the picturesque in local costumes and customs, of folk-poetry and folk-music, but shows that while no modern art can escape eclecticism, it may achieve an eclecticism of choice rather than of featureless uniformity. "In the city," he insists, "we find an individuality less picturesque but perhaps more functional. There is more facility for the formation of specialised groups, and so for the fostering of special capacities. Notwithstanding the din of communication and trade, the cities are, for this reason, the chief seats of productive originality in art, science and letters."*

Yet like all thoughtful observers of contemporary life, Cooley recognises that this facility of communication has its peculiar pitfalls. "Although stimulated to greater activity than before," he says, "one must constantly select and renounce. An ever-present danger of the new order is that one will not select and renounce enough, that he will swallow more than he can properly digest, and fail of the benefits of a thorough subconscious assimilation. The more one studies current life, the more one is inclined to look upon superficiality as its least tractable defect."† We are apt to forget that it is the quality of fellowship that determines its value: too great a quantity may confuse and distract more than it inspires. "Our inventions," Thoreau reminded a generation to which even the telegraph was a novelty, "are but improved means to an unimproved end. We are in great haste to construct a magnetic telegraph from Maine to Texas; but Maine and Texas, it may be, have nothing important to communicate. . . . We are eager to tunnel under the Atlantic and bring the old world some weeks nearer to the new; but, perchance, the first news that will leak through into the broad, flapping American ear will be that the Princess Adelaide has the whooping cough."‡ One wonders if Thoreau, were he to find himself in one of our cities of to-day, with the radio belching inanities at every street corner, would think the American ear any less broad, or any less flapping, than it was in his time. "I do not know," he says, "but it is too much to read one newspaper a week. I have tried it recently, and for so long it seems to me that I have not dwelt in my native region." "We should treat our minds," he thinks, "as innocent and ingenuous children, whose guardians we are, and be careful what subjects we thrust on their attention. Read not the Times. Read the Eternities."

Contemporary fellowship, then, with its distractions and its temp-

* Cooley: "Social Organisation," pages 93, 94.

† "Social Organisation," page 117.

‡ Thoreau's "Walden," page 84.

tations to miscellaneity, must always be supplemented by the fellowship of the past, accessible to us chiefly through books. This is not only less insistent and far easier to select from, but infinitely richer, since the great spirits of the world increase in number age by age, and at any time the majority of them are no longer living in the flesh. "There is no separation," Cooley reminds us, "between real and imaginary persons; to be imagined is to become real, in a social sense. An invisible person may easily be more real to an imaginative mind than a visible one." And in illustration he asks: "Would it not be absurd to deny social reality to Robert Louis Stevenson, who is so much alive in many minds and so potently affects important phases of thought and conduct? He is certainly more real in this practical sense than most of us who have not yet lost our corporeity, more alive, perhaps, than he was before he lost his own, because of his wider influence."* Highly significant is Cooley's definition of culture as "nothing other than the power to enter into sympathy with enlarging personalities," and his observation that "for an eager mind leisure and a library are the essential things." He believes that the present trend of our colleges to suppress idling by requiring from the student a large quantity of tangible work may be "injurious to culture by crowding out spontaneity and a browsing curiosity," and that "the ingenuity of the collegian is often well spent in thwarting these endeavours and securing time to loaf in spite of the conspiracy against it."†

Thus it is clear that in order to transcend the limitations of our accidental environment we have first to widen it both in space and in time, and then to choose from this ampler field, as Thoreau said, "such society as will abet us." Stevenson, imprisoned by ill-health in the South Seas, was an example of the artist reaching through space half across the world to the Europe whence he drew his mental and spiritual sustenance. Thoreau, no less imprisoned in the narrow New England culture of his day, reached across both space and time, to the ancient philosophers of India and to the poets of Elizabethan England. We may glean two further examples from Cooley. "While the mass of mankind about us," he says, "is always commonplace, there is always a more select society not far away for one who craves it, and a man like Abraham Lincoln, whose birth would have meant hopeless serfdom a few centuries ago, may get from half a dozen books aspirations which lead him out to authority and beneficence."‡ Elsewhere he shrewdly observes that "Marcus Aurelius told himself that he was free to think what he chose, but it

* "Human Nature and the Social Order," pp. 60, 74, 80.

† "Social Process," page 69.

‡ "Social Organisation," page 76.

appears that he realised this freedom by keeping books about him that suggested the kind of thoughts he chose to think; and it is only in some such sense as this implies that the assertion is true. When the palpable environment does not suit us we can, if our minds are vigorous enough, build up a better one out of remembered material; but we must have material of some sort."* In other words, the only recourse we have, when our present fellowship proves uninspiring, is to select a better one, from the present, the past, and the future. To suppose that we can get on without any fellowship at all, as disgruntled artists sometimes do, is to indulge ourselves in a fatal illusion. We can no more live in sealed compartments than plants can survive the loss of light and air. Those who attempt it, like the Ambrose Bierces and the Herman Melvilles of the New England from which Thoreau escaped to England and India, become the hopeless introverts, the tragic failures, to be found in all narrow environments, the unwise who let themselves smother instead of finding an air they can breathe.

II.

A chief advantage of the fellowship of the past is the universality of view it affords, such as can never be found in the present alone. Goethe thought that "one should not study contemporaries and competitors, but the great men of antiquity, whose works have for centuries received equal homage and consideration."† Emerson's journal reveals, observes Mr. Stuart P. Sherman, "his steady effort to hold himself and his contemporaries under the searching cross-lights of human experience. He reads Plato, Cicero, Hafiz, Confucius, Buddha, Mahomet, Dante, Montaigne, Milton, Voltaire, Kant, Goethe, Napoleon, Coleridge, Carlyle, because that, he finds, is the effective way to set his own intelligence free, and because freedom, he finds, means ability to move at ease and as an equal among such minds as these."‡ Like all powerful artists, Emerson was perfectly aware that such companionship of the past was essential to masterful dealing with the present. In the essay on Quotation and Originality he writes: "We cannot over-state our debt to the past, but the moment has the supreme claim. The past is for us; but the sole terms on which it can become ours are its subordination to the present." "To convert the vivid energies acting at this hour in New York and Chicago and San Francisco," he says elsewhere,§

* "Human Nature and the Social Order," page 35.

† Goethe's "Conversations with Eckermann," April 1, 1827.

‡ Stuart P. Sherman: "Americans," page 70.

§ Essay, "Poetry and Imagination," in "Letters and Social Aims."

"into universal symbols, requires a subtle and commanding thought. . . . American life storms about us daily, and is slow to find a tongue. . . . The test of the poet is the power to take the passing day, with its news, its cares, its fears, as he shares them, and hold it up to a divine reason, till he sees it to have a purpose and beauty, and to be related to astronomy and history and the eternal order of the world."

Wherever, on the other hand, this sense of the "eternal order of the world," the supreme gift of the fellowship of the past, is lacking, there is a corresponding lack of breadth of vision, of the sense of permanent values, of perspective and proportion, and hence of power to deal greatly with the present. Is not this lack of the sense of values, due to a foolish contempt of the past and a consequent lack of enriching contact with it, a chief defect of many of our contemporary artists? Are they not like brilliant boys rather than mature men, full of talent and enthusiasm, but devoid of mellow humanity and wide representative power? Or might they not be compared to plants of a luxuriant foliage but no roots, withering even while they blossom? Our period seems peculiarly subject to a sickness that might be called period-conceit, a bloated sense of its own importance coupled with a silly contempt of the past, a conceit just as fatal to power as that conceit of individuals which prevents their becoming good workmen. In science such a disregard of the past is recognised for the folly it is; no man would attempt to work in biology, let us say, in ignorance of Darwin, or in astronomy in ignorance of Einstein; and artists who ignore their great forerunners ought to be regarded as equally absurd. But most of our artists nowadays are too vain, too infected with period-conceit, to admire anything that is past; and consequently their art remains for the most part anæmic, thin, inhumane, snobbish, and ephemeral. Says Mr. Chapman: "The worst augury for futurism is that it looks toward the future, and patronises the past; whereas the votaries of every art that has come to greatness have always worshipped the past. They have claimed and reclaimed the treasures and technique that lie buried in all the great works of the world, which exist nowhere else, and which poets and painters rediscover as their natural inheritance, rejoice in, and reissue to mankind in new deliverances of human feeling."*

III.

The present is always, however, not merely insufficient through its purely negative limitations, but, what is more serious, positively, even

* John Jay Chapman: "Letters and Religion."

aggressively opposed to all new and original work. Hence fellowship with the past is a refuge as well as a resource. Each age in turn is both narrow and tyrannical; contemporary opinion always prefers the already understood, what is already hardening into convention, to the new and tentative, the creatively non-conforming; hence great men are always out of fashion and have to strengthen themselves against contemporary neglect by companionship with the past. Bach's contemporaries, for instance, regarded his "most ideally great and genuine passages of human expression," Parry reminds us, "as ingenious feats of pedantic ingenuity"; and his own son, Philip Emanuel, who inaugurated a new style, considered his father's canons "dry and pretentious," and thought it "a defect of genius to abandon oneself to these dreary and insignificant studies." Beethoven was too rough and uncompromising to please the audiences of his time as did Rossini and Spohr. The amiable Mendelssohn was much preferred by his public to the disconcerting Schumann. Brahms has been quite widely considered "dry" up to quite recent times. The pure and joyous art of César Franck was lost upon a Parisian public that idolised Gounod and his sentimentality, "fiddling harmonics," as Meredith says, "on the harp-strings of sensuality." And in our own day sincerity and moderation seem hopelessly out of fashion in a world given up to "effects" and sensations. In short, as Cooley points out, the situation of anyone who "breaks convention, and strives to do better than the group around him, will in many respects be like that of the wrong-doer. Ordinary success is, after all, for second-rate men, those who do a little better than others the jobs offered by the ruling institutions. The notably wise, good, or original are in some measure protestants against these institutions, and must expect their antagonism."*

But whence—this is the vital matter—is the artist to draw the strength for this necessary resistance to his contemporaries? Some writers have thought resistance impossible. "The taste and knowledge of their contemporaries," says Hamerton,† "usually erect barriers around artists. If there is no feeling or desire for a certain order of truth on the part of the public, the artist will have no stimulus to study that order of truth; nay, if he does study and render it, he will incur insult and abuse, and be thereby driven back into the line of subject and treatment which his contemporaries understand." Cooley takes a more hopeful view. "The ability to put his idea through," he says of the non-conforming artist ahead of his time, "depends on his maintaining his faith and self-reliance in spite of the immediate environment, which pours upon him a constant stream

* C. H. Cooley: "Social Process," pp. 106-108.

† Philip Gilbert Hamerton, "Thoughts About Art," page 255.

of undermining suggestions, tending to make him doubt the reality of his ideas or the practicability of carrying them out. The danger is not so much from assault, which often arouses a wholesome counter-action, as from the indifference that is apt to benumb him. Against these influences he may make head by forming a more sympathetic environment through the aid of friends, of books, of imaginary companions, of anything which may help him to cherish the right kind of thoughts. From the mass of people he may expect only disfavour."

The examples of the musicians we have cited as protestants against the fashions of their day support this analysis. One and all they inspired themselves through a few living friends and many "imaginary companions." Bach lived with his great predecessors even to the extent of rewriting and imitating their works. Beethoven idolised Mozart, Haydn and Handel, and rebuked someone who tried to praise him at their expense. Schumann was sustained by the faith of Clara Wieck and a few other friends, and by his devotion to Bach. Brahms was sustained by Schumann and others in the flesh, and by a passion for learning that wandered, we are told, "into every field, and resulted in a rich and most original culture of mind." The case of César Franck was perhaps the most remarkable of all. From the indifference of the worldly Parisian "artistic" world, so utterly alien to him, he was protected, first by the affection and admiring respect of a small group of pupils, second by the society of Bach, Beethoven, and the other masters he revered. Even in his busiest days of routine teaching in girls' boarding schools he would find time, his pupils have told us, "to discuss with them, as with perfect equals, their exercises and his own works," or to play them his choral compositions, "singing all the parts in a terrible voice." Returning from his brief summer vacations he would show them piles of new manuscript, saying with an air both mysterious and triumphant: "You shall see! I think you will be pleased! I have worked hard and well." But it was in the companionship of the masters that Franck supremely lived. "Anyone," says M. d'Indy, "who had encountered this being in the street, with his coat too large, his trousers too short, his grimacing and preoccupied face framed in his somewhat gray whiskers, would not have believed in the transformation that took place when, at the piano, he explained and commented on some beautiful work of art, or, when at the organ, he put forth his inspired improvisations. Then the music enveloped him like an aureole." Yes, Landormy is right, it was his organ that saved Franck. It was there that he withdrew from his contemporaries in order to seek a higher society, there that he "harked straight back to Bach, and abandoned himself to his instinct."*

* Landormy's "History of Music," translated by Frederick H. Martens, New York, 1923.

Thus we all, in the measure of our capacities, escape from the triviality and the confusion of the present into the richer, more tranquil, and better understood fellowship of the past, with something of the relief of the ancient philosopher who spoke of having been led "from the dull monotony of noisy revelry to the endless variety and excitement of philosophic thought." We learn, as Bacon did, that "In study we hold converse with the wise, in action usually with the foolish." One of the wisest spirits of our own day, the Mahatma Gandhi, whose wisdom indeed has been so far beyond that of most of us that he has had to spend a good deal of his time in prison, has given us this delightful confession: "If disappointment or despair attacked me at times, I would think over what I had read, and my heart would instantly become gladdened and thank God. I would say that in this world good books make up for the absence of good companions, so that all Indians, if they want to live happily in jail, should accustom themselves to reading good books."* Artists, we might add, are almost as subject as Indians to imprisonment, at least metaphorically speaking, in our modern world; so that artists too will do well to learn Gandhi's secret, if they want to live happily there.

IV.

It is not alone in the past that we find refuge from the inclemencies of the present. There is also the future. And if, since we can tell only in general terms what it is going to be, the future is one degree further removed than the past from the tangibility of the present, the thought of it is for the same reason even more able to comfort us for the deficiencies of actuality. So as we grow older we all find that our attention turns more toward the future, insensibly changing its equilibrium. If in youth the past inspires us, the present also fascinates: we are apt to feel that life has reached its acme in ourselves; love was never quite so intoxicating, art quite so beautiful, thought quite so illimitable, as it is to us. The gradual loss of this feeling leads some people to "disillusioned old age"; but others it leads to universal love, to what Clutton-Brock calls the Kingdom of Heaven, and what Bertrand Russell calls "impartiality." This is the supreme compensation for the real losses and disabilities involved in growing old. An essential part of it is a new sympathy for the young, and as a fruit of it a new confidence in them, and a final

* Mahatma Gandhi, quoted in the "Outlook," April 19, 1922.

willingness to entrust to them our dearest hopes. Thus when Wordsworth sang:

" There is

One great society alone on earth:

The noble living and the noble dead,"

he might have added, " And the noble yet-to-be-born." Our predecessors are the fellows of our youth; our predecessors and successors are the fellows of our age.

In the fellowship of the future the best minds find always much of their best inspiration. " It is because modern education is so seldom inspired by a great hope," notes Bertrand Russell, " that it so seldom achieves a great result. . . . It should be inspired, not by a regretful hankering after the extinct beauties of Greece and the Renaissance, but by a shining vision of the society that is to be, of the triumphs that thought will achieve in the time to come, and of the ever-widening horizon of man's survey over the universe. Those who are taught in this spirit will be filled with life and hope and joy, able to bear their part in bringing to mankind a future less sombre than the past, with faith in the glory that human effort can create."* And Masfield sings:—

" And we, who pass like foam,
Like dust blown through the streets of Rome,
Change ever, too; we have no home;

Only a beauty, only a power,
Sad in the fruit, bright in the flower,
Endlessly erring for its hour.

But gathering, as we stray, a sense
Of life, so lovely and intense,
It lingers when we wander hence,

That those who follow feel behind
Their backs, when all before is blind,
Our joy, a rampart to the mind."†

In June, 1899, Charles Eliot Norton, then an old man, who had inspired a whole generation of Harvard students and in whose feeble body spirituality still burned like a flame, addressed the Phi Beta Kappa.

* Bertrand Russell: " Why Men Fight," page 180.

† John Masfield: " The Passing Strange."

"For you, young brothers," he said, "just entering on the perplexed paths of actual life, we elders, about to leave them, have no counsel more practical, no command more absolute, than that you be true to those generous ideals which now lift your hearts and shape your hopes. Follow their gleam; pursue never to overtake; the pursuit is all, for by fidelity in it you become masters of fate and leaders of mankind. And we, your elder brothers, obeying the voice at eve obeyed at prime, to-day renew your youth with you at the fountain of those ideals which are the source of vital strength for youth, for manhood, and for age."

The fellowship of the future is to us even more than an inspiring companionship while we live; it is our means of immortality after we die. Readers of Samuel Butler remember his paradox of "Karma"—that our deepest life is that which we live in others, through our influence, and of which we are ourselves unconscious. "The life we live beyond the grave," he says, "is our truest life, and our happiest, for we pass it in the profoundest sleep as though we were children in our cradles. An immortal like Shakespeare knows nothing of his immortality . . . when it is in its highest vitality, centuries, it may be, after his apparent death." And the sonnet on "The Life after Death," which begins with the lines:

"Not on sad Stygian shore, nor in clear sheen
Of far Elysian plain, shall we meet those
Among the dead whose pupils we have been,"

ends with the couplet:

"Yet meet we shall, and part, and meet again,
Where dead men meet, on lips of living men."

Consequently, as Santayana has shown, "He who lives in the ideal and leaves it expressed in society or in art enjoys a double immortality. The eternal has absorbed him while he lived, and when he is dead his influence brings others to the same absorption, making them, through that ideal identity with the best in him, reincarnations and seats of all in him which he could rationally hope to rescue from destruction. He can say, without any subterfuge or desire to delude himself, that he shall not wholly die; for he will have a better notion than the vulgar of what constitutes his being. By becoming the spectator and confessor of his own death and of universal mutation, he will have identified himself with what is spiritual in all spirits

and masterful in all apprehension; and so conceiving himself, he may truly feel and know that he is eternal."^{*}

And so, as one of our American poets sings:

" There is no loneliness :—no matter where
We go, nor whence we come, nor what good friends
Forsake us in the seeming, we are all
At one with a complete companionship;
And though forlornly joyless be the ways
We travel, the compensate spirit-gleams
Of Wisdom shaft the darkness here and there
Like scattered lamps in unfrequented streets."[†]

And it is a chief compensation for growing old that as we learn to realise more and more the possibilities of the fellowship of present, past, and future, the lamps grow less scattered and the streets ever more frequented. A little boy, observed to take off his hat to a stranger, when asked why he did so replied: "O, he is a friend that I don't know." Are we not all surrounded and companioned by them, these fellows of all time, these friends we know and friends we do not know?

DANIEL GREGORY MASON.

^{*} George Santayana: "Reason in Religion," page 272.

[†] Edwin Arlington Robinson: "The Children of the Night," page 100.

PASSION MUSIC BEFORE 1724

IN common with most other institutions of venerable antiquity, Passion music has its origins hid in the mists of the past. Enough is known of these origins, by means of scattered references in one or two of the Latin Fathers, to enable us to form an idea of the method of presentation of the various Gospel stories from, perhaps, the fourth century up to the fourteenth. But, since we are concerned here only with polyphonic writing, it will be sufficient to pass over this first thousand years in a very few words. We gather—from Augustine, Gregory the Great, and Durandus, to mention one or two names—that in the early and mediæval church it was customary to intone the story of the Passion to a kind of Plainchant, the different Evangelists' accounts coming on the different days in Holy Week. By the twelfth century this was so far differentiated that the Priest (Bass) sang the Christus part, the Deacon (Tenor) the narrative of the Evangelist, and the Sub-Deacon (Alto) the exclamations of the Crowd, etc. Later still the Chant was stereotyped into particular phrases for openings and cadences appropriate to the separate parts, and these Passion tones, as they were called, persisted as a groundwork long after the settings for a chorus in parts had been in use.

These settings, with which we are alone concerned here, appeared for the first time within a very few years, forwards or backwards, of the beginning of the sixteenth century, and seem to have superseded entirely the older method of recitation by Priest, Deacon, and Sub-Deacon. From the first they appear to be divisible into two groups according to their form. The one is called the Motet-form, in which the narrative of the Evangelist as well as the words of the persons is set for the chorus, the whole thing being treated as one continuous composition: the other is known as the Dramatic-form, and in it the chorus is used only for the actual words spoken, not at all for the Evangelist's story, which is still set to the old Passion tones, and later on as a recitative.

The earliest setting of the Passion in motet-form which has survived is by Jacob Obrecht, one of a school of Continental composers which included Busnois among its numbers. Obrecht ended his life as Master of the Music at Antwerp Cathedral. His setting of the Passion dates from the first decade of the sixteenth century. He calls it "*Passio secundum Matthæum*," though the text is in fact

drawn from all the four Gospels in order to bring in all the seven words from the Cross, only one of which occurs in S. Matthew. Whether his selection of words followed some definite tradition of the Church is not clear; at any rate it was adopted by several succeeding composers of Motet-Passions, whose acquaintance with his work is by no means certain. Instances are Joannes Galliculus of Leipzig, who wrote in 1588, calling his "Mark"; and Paulus Bucenus; who produced a six-part setting at Riga in 1578. Obrecht's setting is in four parts. He uses the Passion tone freely, placing it generally in the part appropriate to the words being sung—bass for the words of Christ, tenor for the narrative, etc. He begins with an introduction, "Passio Domini Nostri Jesu Christi," etc., a practice followed by nearly all the composers of Passions after him, whether Latin or German, and ends with the words, "Qui passus est pro nobis, miserere nobis, Amen." The first setting with German words is by Joachim von Burck. In the preface to this, printed in 1568, he mentions "the famous musician Jacobus Obrecht." His choice of words differs from Obrecht's entirely. He makes a selection of texts from John xviii. 19, by which he includes three only of the seven words from the Cross, and uses a new conclusion: "Lord, we believe, increase our faith. Amen." In this, as in other ways, as discarding the Passion tones entirely, he shows definitely the Protestant colouring of German religion at the time. In style of writing he is Italian, having more affinities with Orlando di Lasso than with the Low Countries school which Obrecht represented.

The motet-form, partly no doubt on account of its severity and lack of contrast, has not persisted, and, with two exceptions, does not appear after the close of the sixteenth century. The two instances in question are, a Latin Passion dated about 1613 in six parts, the last composition of Bartholomæus Gesius, Cantor of Frankfort-an-der Oder, who had previously (in 1588 at Wittenberg) written a German setting in the narrative form as his first published work; and a German six-part Passion by Cristoph Demantius, printed at Freiburg in 1631, with words taken from S. John, and part of the 53rd chapter of Isaiah. This is the last composition of a Passion in the motet-form. Demantius, who was an older contemporary of Schütz, provides interesting examples of quick modulation through three or even four keys, in the manner that was then beginning to be practised.

With him we leave the motet-form and turn to the second group of Passion settings, the "Dramatic Passions" so-called, in which the part of the Evangelist is taken by a single voice as a recitative, while the words of the other speakers or groups of speakers are set for two or more voices together.

Apart from two fragments of a Latin Passion for three voices dating from about the year 1400, which Kade notices, the earliest dramatic settings seem to be two English ones, the first by Richard Davy, of S. Matthew, of which there appears to be only one manuscript, at Eton College, and this incomplete. A point of interest in the manuscript is the presence of cues written in red above the music, giving the last one or two words of the Evangelist before the little choruses begin, e.g., *dixerunt* Reus est mortis, or, *ancilla dicens* Et tu cum. I understand that it is being edited for publication by Sir Richard Terry. Its date must be about 1500. The second, which cannot be more than a few years younger, if at all, appears in the British Museum Add. MSS. 17,802-5, and is anonymous. Like Davy's, it is a setting of S. Matthew, and except for the introductory "*Passio Domini Nostri Jesu Christi Secundum Matthæum*" is taken entirely from the 26th and 27th chapters. All the four parts are used each time, and with few rests during each sentence. Only in one instance is the entry of a party delayed for more than one or two semibreves, but in the phrase, "This could have been sold for much," the medius part is silent until the words, "and given to the poor." The concluding sentence, "Truly this was the Son of God," is treated with some elaboration.

In Germany there appeared a German Passion, according to S. Matthew, by Johann Walther, written in the simplest possible manner, most of the sentences being set to a single chord, the four parts repeating their own note, until the cadence. The Evangelist's part keeps mainly to the Passion tones. Walther's setting appeared in 1530, and uses Luther's new translation which had come out in 1522. It was followed in 1534 by a Latin S. Matthew, by Claudin de Sermisy, printed at Paris by Pierre Attaignant. In this the same selection of words is used as in the anonymous English setting mentioned above. A point to be noticed is that the cry from the Cross, "Eli, Eli," is not set in either the Latin or German versions for the chorus. Walther gives a special emphasis to it by spreading the syllables out over several long notes, but, as we shall see later, it was the custom to leave these words for a single voice. There are two Passions by Vittoria, dated 1585, one of S. Matthew and the other of S. John, both in shortened forms, and written chiefly in simple four-part harmony, chord by chord, not in the somewhat elaborate contrapuntal style of the earlier English examples. He sets the words of the crowd and of the disciples, but not of any individuals. In the S. Matthew the two witnesses' testimony is given to the cantus and altus alone; and similarly the words of both the maids to Peter are given to two cantus singers, in this case prefixed by the direction "*Si placet.*" "Let us see if Elias will come" is for three parts,

the cantus being omitted. The S. John Passion is for four parts throughout.

Of nearly the same date as these is a series of Passions for all the four Gospels by Suriano. These are fuller and more elaborate than Vittoria's, and contain many examples of imitation as a contrapuntal device. Only the words of the crowd are set for the usual four parts—cantus, altus, tenor, bassus. Christ's words are set for cantus i, ii, altus, and tenor, and are marked "Si placet." In S. Matthew the cry from the Cross is set, and is followed by the translation, sung by the same four voices. Both in S. Matthew and S. Mark the phrase, "Let Him come down from the Cross," is given by descending scale passages. A noticeable feature of these four Passions is the close grouping of the voices, the bass part rarely going below C in the bass stave and never below B \flat , while the tenor is correspondingly high. They are of considerable interest individually and as a group, and merit more attention than they receive in their hiding place in Proske's "*Musica Divina*."

To this list should be added a three-part setting in Latin of S. John by Byrd, dated 1607. He uses exactly the same words as Vittoria, and his treatment is almost as simple and unelaborate. This setting has been edited in modern times by Mr. Barclay Squire.

Then, to conclude the series of compositions of this kind of unaccompanied Passion, we come to the three settings by Heinrich Schütz, written in 1666, or four, if S. Mark is included, which Spitta rejects in his introduction to Schütz' *Sämmtliche Werke*. In these the Passion tones are almost entirely discarded in the recitatives. The cry from the Cross is given more elaborate treatment, and the translation sung by the Evangelist is an echo at the same pitch. The setting of "Lord, is it I?" in staccato two-note phrases, is an interesting forerunner of Bach's treatment of the same words. Byrd and Schütz again are similar in their arrangement of "He said I am the King of the Jews," with long notes above a quicker moving accompaniment. Instead of the conventional conclusion Schütz uses words from hymns for all except the S. Mark. The chief importance of these settings lies in the breaking away from the Passion tones in the recitatives, which up to this time had so severely limited the scope of the composer.

In 1628 Schütz had written a setting of the Resurrection story for four voices with orchestral accompaniment of strings and continuo. This great innovation appeared in a setting of the Passion by Johann Sebastiani, in 1672, printed in Königsberg; and again in the next year in one by Johann Theile, Kapellmeister at Wolfenbüttel. And under these two composers the development of the Passion in outward

form reaches its full completeness. They both set the version according to S. Matthew.

Sebastiani starts with an orchestral introduction of 17 bars before the five-part chorus comes in, accompanied by the first and second violins hitherto silent. The recitatives are accompanied by three violas and are in *arioso* form, the strings having more to do than the voice as a rule. The words of Christ are accompanied by the first and second violins and continuo, without the violas. Christ alone is bass; the Evangelist and all the other characters are tenor, except the two maids and Pilate's wife. "Lord, is it I?" is given to solo voices at first, and as a chorus for the last repetition only, the bass being omitted. It is interesting to notice that the cry from the Cross is accompanied by the continuo alone, not by the first and second violins as is usual with Christ's words, though these are used for the translation by the Evangelist immediately following. Besides the orchestral accompaniment, Sebastiani introduces chorales into his Passion. In thirteen places he directs that one or more verses of a hymn shall be sung, accompanied by four violas. Five times these are marked to be sung solo.

It is not perhaps irrelevant to consider for a moment the position of the congregation in the Church in Germany at this time. One of the principal aims in view in Luther's reconstruction of the Church service was to give the congregation an active share in its performance: and the part which they could take easily enough was the singing of hymns. The difficulty lay in the accompaniment. In the sixteenth century the organ was used but sparingly, either to accompany the choir in contrapuntal singing, or to play interludes between the sections of the Mass which the choir sang unaccompanied. For practically the whole of the century anything in the nature of block harmony as opposed to flowing counterpoint for the organ, or for anything else, was unknown. The congregation sang their hymns as a single line of melody (*choraliter*), supported by the choir singing in unison with them. This somewhat dreary method was varied by choir and congregation taking alternate verses, the choir singing their verses in parts (*figuraliter*), with the melody in the tenor.

In 1586 new possibilities were opened up by the publication of a series of hymn-tunes by Lucas Osiander, in which the melody appeared on the top. This made it much easier for the congregation to sing with the choir, the latter not merely providing a unison support, but singing in parts underneath: and this book was followed by a large number of similar collections the use of which quickly spread all through Germany. Even so the combination of heavy-going untrained congregation with small trained choir singing in parts did not work well, and the difficulties became greater the more the congregation would sing.

As has been mentioned above, one of the uses of the organ had been to play verses of the hymns as a solo alternately with the choir. When these were arranged in four parts, note against note, with the tune at the top, so that it could be heard easily, it did not require a very profound revolution to make the congregation sing with the organ, and this step was taken in Nurnberg already by 1636, as may be seen from the introduction to a new edition of Hassler's "Kirchengesänge," brought out by Sigmund Stade, organist of S. Lorenz' Church.

Returning to Sebastiani, it seems probable that the verses which he directs to be sung solo are in the nature of arias, and the others are congregational. It is noticeable that Bach introduces arias at the same places in which Sebastiani's solo verses come.

Theile also uses an instrumental accompaniment of two *viole da braccio*, two *viole da gamba*, continuo and organ, supporting a five-part chorus, in which the cantus part is divided. He begins with a *sinfonia* of ten bars followed by ten bars, *tutti*, of introduction "Das Leiden und Sterben." Of the solo voices only the Evangelist and Jesus have strings for accompaniment, the former the *viole da gamba*, the latter the *viole da braccio*, in both cases with the continuo as well. All the other voices are with the continuo alone. For the Evangelist's accompaniments the two strings generally see-saw up and down the notes of the common chord in quavers. The arias, so-called, which are introduced four times for solo voice with continuo alone, are really verses of hymns quite simply treated, and are all followed by a *Ritornello* for the four strings and continuo. The fifth aria (really the concluding chorus) is in five parts, four verses of the hymn "Habe Dank, O Gottes Sohn, für dein Leiden," and is marked *Tutti*.

These two composers afford an interesting example of the difference between the German and Italian styles of writing of the time. Theile writes like Schütz, under whom he had studied, using a flowing contrapuntal manner belonging to the older choral way of writing. Sebastiani, on the other hand, had been trained in Italy, and had learned there to use block chords, four-part harmony, note against note.

Between these two Passions, which have been considered rather more in detail than most of the earlier ones, and Bach's the difference is one of degree rather than form. All the main features, chorus, recitative, aria, chorale, are common to both. The development of the cantata, first in Italy, and later in Germany, chiefly under the hands of Bach himself, made possible the wonderfully rich treatment of the simple forms we have been considering.

There are some intermediate links in the chain between 1673 and

1724, the date of Bach's S. John Passion. In 1688 Friedrich Funcke, of Lüneburg, set S. Luke's version, introducing arias, and in 1697 Johann Christoph Rothe set S. Matthew. Then there seems to have been a pause in the series, until Bach's two great achievements in 1724 and 1729 rounded off the whole line.

From the beginning of the eighteenth century the Bible text tends to be set aside in favour of metrical versions of the story, of which there were several, *e.g.*, Hunold Menantes' *Passions Dichtungen*, Postel's version of S. John, and Brocke's poem, "Der für die Sünden der Welt gemartete Jesus." These were set by Reinhard Keiser, Handel, Telemann and Mattheson. And in 1755, the last work of this type of any note until our own day, appeared Graun's *Tod Jesu*. In this he does make use of direct Biblical quotations in his recitatives, occasionally, and introduces several chorales, besides starting with one.

Looking back on the record of Passion music from the early sixteenth century downwards to our own day, we see that in spite of its long pedigree it has never been the favoured child either of the Church, Catholic or Protestant, or of the composer. Many of the greatest of these never turned their minds practically to this form of art at all, for examples, Taverner, Palestrina, and later, Mozart or Beethoven. And in other cases, men who had lavished their powers on the daily services, or the Mass, as, for instance, Byrd, were content to give the Passion the very slenderest treatment. Not before Bach had the Passion music been made something tremendous: and his examples of it, until the last fifty years, lay quite untouched.

It is not a little remarkable that, with all the wealth of existing material, the average person's acquaintance with Passion music is limited to two compositions, Stainer's *Crucifixion*, and Bach's S. Matthew. It is a chain of two links which is capable of being added to considerably, as it has been one object of this paper to show. That it is being extended at the present time is evidenced by recent performances in New College, Oxford, within the last year or two, of Schütz' S. Matthew, and Obrecht's *Passion*. It may be suggested that some of the others mentioned here are worth a trial, not merely on antiquarian grounds, but on their own merits; and the point should not be overlooked that, on technical grounds, though the idiom in which some of them are written may seem unfamiliar, the difficulties encountered will appear light to the many choirs that tackle the "S. Matthew" as part of their ordinary Lenten programme.

Note.—The best and almost the only detailed history of early Passion music is by Otto Kade, *Die ältere Passionskomposition bis zum Jahre, 1631*; Gütersloh, 1893. Of this work I have made considerable use. Other accounts are in Grove's Dictionary, Spitta's *Bach*, &c.

H. M. ADAMS.

SPANISH MUSIC

THE richly-wrought magnificence of the sacred music of old Spain is not all. You recall Masfield's lines :

" I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills
Coming in solemn beauty like the slow old tunes of Spain."

The polyphonic splendours of the ecclesiastical music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have thrown into the shade the captivating grace of the profane music of the Golden Age. The gay songs to the lute or the guitar and the popular dances have a winning charm. Henri Collet, the French critic, in a recent essay shows how popular they were in other countries. Spanish at that time was to a large extent an international language, the language of the cultured. The higher ranks of society in London and Paris, Vienna and Brussels took pride, as a proof of culture and elegance, in a knowledge of the tongue of Cervantes. Everything Spanish was in fashion in the intellectual centres of Europe, and at court and in my lady's chamber and even in the tavern frequented by fine gentlemen the songs of Spain were favourites.

M. Collet, for example, points to an echo of this vogue of the profane music of Spain in France, probably under the auspices of the two queens, Anne and Maria Thérèse of Austria, in certain of the plays of Molière. In the third act of *Le Mariage Forcé*, which was first performed in January, 1664, there is a " Concert Espagnol " where Spanish singers render a Spanish song, " Ciego ma-tienes, Belisa." Molière's friend, Lully, the scullery-boy from Florence, founder of French opera, inserted in the *Ballet des Nations* ending *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* a Spanish song, " Se que me mnero de amor," and in *Cariselli*, written for Fontainebleau, introduced several Spanish airs.

But the guitar which became indispensable in the boudoirs of all fashionable ladies in France had been preceded by the vihuela, descended from the Arabian Ud and not to be confused with the lute or the theorbo or the mandora. Very many pieces were written for it, with constant borrowings from the songs and dances of the people. The " Cancioner de Palacio " contained 460 songs of the court and drawing-room, garden and tavern. The traditional music of Spain was fully alive and prolific, the dramatic music of the age deeply

imbued with its influences, until the withering gloom of the Inquisition fell across its path. Spanish lyrical drama, it appears, was created by Lope de Vega's *Selva sin Amor*!, performed at the Royal Palace in Madrid, but the music has been lost. A conception of the style can be gained only by studying the music of Calderon's *Jardin de Falerina*, given in Madrid the same year. As the popular songs are of authentically Spanish inspiration and form, without any extraneous element save alone when the Catalans learnt from their neighbours to adorn their humorous *salades* and polyphonic songs with the devices of Italian madrigals, so the Spanish dramatic music shows no trace of the clever artificiality to which Italian music tended, but possesses a realism and tenderness of its own, too easily emotional, perhaps, as the Italian was too much inclined to sacrifice sincerity to virtuosity. The profane music of Spain, it has been said, was in a manner a prophecy of and preparation for the paintings of Velasquez, the romances later inspiring Le Sage and Beaumarchais.

After the great masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in the study of which we are so greatly indebted to the enthusiasm and wonderful industry of Pedrell, succeeded a long period of sterility. Spanish folk-songs and dances were regarded abroad as exotic curiosities, distorted versions alone familiar. Foreign composers derived suggestions from them, but of course without preserving their true characteristics, translating such ideas as they thus obtained into the common modes of harmony and rhythm, losing all the essence of racial temperament, national tradition embodied in them. They were treated otherwise as trivial grotesqueries of music, and in the guise in which they became known they were little else. Spanish music in the true sense did not exist except among the Spanish people themselves, in rudimentary form.

There the genius for folk-music flourished with undiminished vigour. The Spanish composers, deceived by their study of foreign models into neglecting the most valuable sources that lay around them, followed alien fashions, inevitably producing insincere imitations. But in the rhythms and tonality, strange to our ears, of the songs of the Catilians, Catalans, Asturians, Basques, and others, those of each province having distinctive features with a common national character, there existed the material of a truly national music.

Felipe Pedrell, born in Tarragona in 1841, was destined to begin the revitalization of Spanish music. Entirely self-taught, music was from the first his natural mode of expression. A choir-boy in the cathedral of his native Tortosa, he soon became the leader, heading the elaborate processions at festivals. Music was his language. He lived not so much for it as by it, devoting prodigious, indefatigable

energy to its study. He was the first to see what a storehouse of inspiration lay unexplored in the native melodies of his land. It was his vast learning, his editorship of past composers and of folk-music, rather than his own compositions, which gave him an international reputation. He was responsible for "Hispaniae Schola Musica Sacra," a splendid collection, monumental editions of Vittoria, the sixteenth-century maestro, and Cabezon the virginalist, and especially "Cancionero Musical Popular Español" in three volumes. He wrote much, with profound learning and intense enthusiasm, upon these subjects, besides a "Diccionario tecnico de la musica" and other most valuable treatises. His contributions to the "Rivista Musical Catalana" were especially notable.

His original contributions were unduly overshadowed by the productions of his scholarship. Though the moving spirit of the musical renaissance, he was himself incapable of entirely discarding the meretricious sentimentality, acquired through the influence of foreigners, especially the Germans, of an age when true romance was in all the arts so often counterfeited. So anxious to make his music expressive, he did not see that it was not sufficient to use the material of folk-music with the technique of European music, but that its own technique must be involved. Its rhythmic and modal characteristics were of the essence of its beauty and value. Intensely patriotic, he nevertheless overlaid the racial and traditional qualities with a structure un-Spanish, producing a mixture of irreconcilable styles.

Pedrell's opera *El ultimo Abencerrajo* was performed at Barcelona in 1874, *Quasimodo* in 1875, *El Tasso a Ferrara*, *Cleopatra*, and *Mazeppa* in 1881 at Madrid, *Celestine* in 1904 and *La Matinada* in 1905. But his most ambitious and his greatest work was *Los Piereneos*, produced at Barcelona in 1902, on too large a scale to be a popular revival. This is not true of his musical drama *El Comte Arnau*, but this, which might so easily be rescued from oblivion, seems fated to suffer neglect. A writer in the *Times* complained a few years ago that even the British Museum had no copy of the score. A truly romantic and stirring poem based upon a characteristic old Catalan ballad is set to music which is an adaptation of the traditional air of the ballad. "The grim Don-Juanesque figure has come from the lower regions to speak with the Lady Adalaisa once more in her convent, while his spectral steed is heard pawing the ground outside, tethered to the bars of the *finestra enreizada* through which the rider has entered."

After Pedrell came his pupil, Isaac Albeniz, who succeeded in carrying the evolution of Spanish music a stage further. A virtuoso on the pianoforte, the great mass of his works are for that instrument, and only in the "Iberia" suite, items of which are fairly frequently

performed, is his genius at its height. With Albeniz the Spanishness, so to speak, is still largely only a colouring skilfully employed. Mr. Leigh Henry has justly described his works as "a collection of very personal genre studies coloured and stylised by the hues and delineative factors of Spanish folk-mode and rhythm." He composed in a Spanish atmosphere, but not altogether out of the depths of the Spanish spirit. His music has, as it were, Spanish beauty draped around it with often most subtle charm, but it is not at base a new and altogether Spanish music.

After Albeniz has come another of Pedrell's pupils, Manuel de Falla, born in 1876 at Cadiz. He studied composition with Pedrell, continued his studies in Paris, where he became intimate with Debussy, who used the rhythms and harmonic effects of Spanish folk-song with such genius. In his music there is not merely employment of the characteristics of folk-song, there is sublimation, a genuine new life born, as it were, from the union of diverse elements and not only a mingling, a conglomeration. Falla has combined individuality with a complete emancipation of the national musical genius. Knowing nothing of the one-act opera, *El Retablo de Masso Pedro*, dealing with the adventure of Cervantes' Don Quixote and the puppet-show in the inn stable, we can quite believe the English critic who says it would seem in London "very little Spanish in feeling." When that phrase is used, people mean by it the superficial features they are accustomed to regard as Spanish, the colouring. They are looking for the Spanish costume instead of trying to understand and appreciate the Spanish character and its deeper qualities.

His operas, *La Vida Breva* and *El Sombrero de tres picos*, must be especially referred to, though there have been more opportunities of acquaintance with his *Noces en los jardines de Espanos*. The first is more of a folk-song opera, and in the second Falla comes into his triumphant achievement. In the first the primitive song of Andalusia, the "Canto Jondo," full of passionate Oriental melancholy, is the foundation of a new architectonic style to be further developed in the second. There is no falsifying for the sake of conventional graces, but there is not a perfect synthesis. It is the expression of that phase of Spanish psychology some have called the tragic sense of life, as *The Three-cornered Hat* is the expression of the phase of distinctively racial humour and buoyancy, the more intense that the background of tragedy or pathos is always dimly present, as in Cervantes. *Noces en los jardines de Espanos* and *El Amor brujo* may be similarly compared. The first is the expression of the romance and poetry of the Spanish character, the second of its primitive strength. In both there is little concern

with the Spanish dress. It is the Spanish soul which absorbs attention.

Perhaps for the full appreciation of Spanish music the Spanish background is essential. In "Music in the Gardens of Grenada," Mr. J. B. Trend tells how he was enabled by Señor de Falla to listen in a garden of delight facing the Alhambra hill to a trio of guitar, Spanish lute, and bandore, playing Albeniz, on a serene and radiant night. "The curved backs of the Sierra Nevada, the shadowy outline of the Alhambra hill and its palaces, the greenish violet of the white walls bathed in moonlight, with the rose-coloured blotches of the not too frequent lamps, the distant chimes, the bells to regulate irrigation, the gentle murmur of falling water"—all this was not merely additional æsthetic gratification, but complementary to and indissolubly linked with the music.

ANTHONY CLYNE.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

Societatis Polyphonica Romanæ Repertorium. Ed. R. Casimiri. Three vols. 15 lire each vol. Items sold separately in score or in voice-parts.

This series has been carefully prepared for performance by Sr. Casimiri, who is an acknowledged expert at such work, and he has provided on the covers of his volumes "Programme-notes" in Italian, French, German, or English. The major part of the collection (19 numbers) is from Palestrina, the fourth centenary of whose birth gave occasion to this edition; but Vittoria, Firminus le Bel, Lasso, Marenzio and Josquin de Près are also represented.

Most of the Palestrina motets are for five voices: a sound choice, for choirmasters, though often unwilling to tackle anything but four-part music, will eventually realise that the composers themselves regarded five voices as better than four for unaccompanied polyphony. The rise of organ accompaniment was responsible for the domination of the four-voice choir.

It is safe to say that the greater part of this selection will be new to this country (Westminster Cathedral and the Birmingham Oratory possibly excepted). The items that please us most are *Vox dilecti* and *O quantus luctus* (Vol. I), the first part of *Paucitas dierum* (Vol. II), and *Exaltabo te* from Vol. III. The last number of this volume, the Prayer of Jeremiah from *Tenebrae* of Easter Eve, is a supremely beautiful setting in 4 to 8 parts.

Vittoria's *Caligaverunt* (4 voices) is of intense emotional power, and its verse *Videte omnes populi* raises an interesting critical point, as the music and text appear, highly developed, in *O vos omnes*, usually attributed to Cristoforo Morales, a generation earlier than Vittoria. The late Sir Charles Stanford, on hearing *O vos omnes* sung at Westminster Abbey, described it as the most wonderful music he had ever heard. The attribution to Morales was, we think, due to Ouseley. *Tenebrae factae sunt*, *Ave Maria*, and *Animam meam* are for four voices by the same hand, and all four are of very moderate difficulty, showing that slight easing of the whirling complexity of sixteenth-century polyphony, which is the hall-mark of Vittoria's genius.

Firminus le Bel is a Flemish master, said to have been one of Palestrina's teachers. His six-part motet *Puer natus* is a skilful piece of architecture, built up on plainsongs, and we should much like to hear it sung in one of our Cathedrals. Lassi's *Iustorum animæ* is not one of his best works, falling far below Byrd's masterpiece. Josquin's *Ave Maria* (4 voices) is a delightful, and quite easy, example of Flemish work, but *Innocentes* of Marenzio is too madrigalesque to hold its own besides the other masterpieces of this fine collection.

A. H.

A Liturgical Psalter. Arranged for use in the Services of the Church by Walter Howard Frere, C.R., Bishop of Truro. (Mowbray, 1925, Impl. 16mo, pp. xii and 144, linen bds.)

Liturgy-making is a pastime avoided by the ordinary man if he is wise, but it is often indulged in by fools, and sometimes the very learned. Dr. Frere is one of the very few who may dare to make a critical selection from the Psalter, that edge-tool wherewith so many have proved the truth of the proverb.

The preface tells us that this is not, like the proposed Revised Prayer-Book Psalter, a bowdlerised selection, for "the process that produces it is a positive and not a negative one." (Candidly, it is only on the Bishop's assurance that we accept the existence of any distinction.) It is designed for use where recitation "in course" of the whole Psalter has been frankly abandoned: and a freely corrected translation has improved the rhythm by avoiding tiresome proparoxytone endings ("inhéritance," "réverence") or the yet more offensive "innúmerable," "téstimonies." It is possible even now, however, to find cadences which will not easily lend themselves to good singing, at least with the Anglican chant: for example, "integrity that is in me" may be all very well for its last foot, but the Anglican chant-frame (for which this Psalter is designed) has *two* melodic feet in its latter half, with *two* strong bar-accent. The Bishop having had the Anglican chant in mind has naturally collected as many oxytone endings as possible, and his rendering will not sing easily to plainsong with its paroxytone system. Perhaps some day he will produce another translation, concentrating on paroxytone or feminine cadences, which are not difficult to work in English: if this could be done satisfactorily and with common acceptance, we should then be on the high road to a true solution of the vexed problem of pointed Psalters for plainsong, as such a translation could be sung (as is the Latin) without any pointing at all.

The parallelism of Hebrew poetry is brought out by the method of printing, and the obvious errors of the Prayer Book translation are corrected: e.g., we are no longer instructed to "kiss the son," and the "company of the preachers" reappears as "the women that spread the tidings." On the other hand, "from the ground of the heart," reminiscent of Hilton, is surely better than "from the bottom of the heart," and is no more archaic than "andwhy" and "forwhy," which the author has "gladly retained"—and we rejoice with him.

The Psalter is nearly complete in number, 136 psalms being given (though not always complete), while three of the excisions are duplicates of psalms or parts of psalms appearing elsewhere.

In no case is the proof of the pudding more surely in the eating than in the production of singing-psalters, and we dare not prognosticate success or failure: but we are sure that this is an experiment worth trying in the choirs for which it is designed. Incidentally, Nonconformist places of worship will find it a very useful volume.

A. H.

Joh. Seb. Bach. Cantata Texts. By Charles Sanford Terry. Constable & Co., Ltd. 3 guineas.

This very worthy volume represents labour, "exceeding a simple love of the things," which spreads over years of patient research and accurate selection of accumulated knowledge. Dr. Terry divides the

book into two portions, one of which deals with the sacred, the other with the secular, cantatas. The texts of over two hundred cantatas noticed has been subjected to the most minute analysis. The place of each sacred cantata in the liturgy of the particular Sunday for which it was written, has been established and the full order of service reconstructed. Dr. Terry has written a preface, explanatory of his methods of translation and arrangement, as well as introductions to the two sections, giving a short account of the musical forms and of the sources of the libretti. The result is a monumental work, well printed on good paper, for which one cannot sufficiently compliment the author. Such a book cannot be expected to have a wide appeal; its range is too confined for the general reader (a fact which justifies the smallness of the edition). But to the student of J. S. Bach and his times it is invaluable, and at once takes its rightful place as a standard work. It has been already mentioned that Dr. Terry has supplied translations of the libretti of the cantatas. It is here that a more particular criticism may be allowed, an adverse criticism, though offered with a full realisation of the great difficulties of the problem. In his preface the author says that "it would be foolish to claim literary distinction for the original texts here translated." That is perfectly true. But the absence of such distinction in the translations which appear in this book makes at times for unpleasant reading. Others, notably Dr. Troutbeck, who did the translation for the Novello edition of the Christmas Oratorio, have not failed so signally in this. In the cantata "Und es waren Hirten in derselben Gegend" (the second part of the Christmas Oratorio), where Dr. Terry has:

"Haste, shepherds, haste! Go in with glee
This wondrous sight to see!
For there you'll find th' Almighty's Son
Within a manger lying lowly.
There stand beside His cradle holy.
And in your sweetest tone,
With fullest harmony,
Sing soft a lullaby,"

Troutbeck puts:

"O, haste ye then, ye shepherds go,
Since you this wonder know.
And seek for God's Almighty Son
Within a manger lying lowly.
And there, beside that cradle holy,
In sweet harmonious tone,
Sing all with one accord,
To soothe your infant Lord."

Troutbeck's is, actually, a closer translation, not to mention its evident literary ascendancy over that of Dr. Terry. The author has, also, some interesting things to say as to the vocal worth of his translations. But in the example just quoted (and possibly in other places as well) he is not always as successful as former translators. Compare the last four lines of his setting with the same lines in Troutbeck's. Then listen, in imagination, to a good bass singer rising to that miraculous

word "soothe," filling out the note with all the thoughts of loving watchful care and adoration which time and place suggest and which Bach clearly meant to portray in this carefully written accompanied recitative.

S. G.

Kleine Musikerbiographien. Heinrich Schütz, by Erich H. Müller.

Gustav Mahler, by Rudolf Mengelberg. Each 1 mark 20.

Heinrich Schütz is of the finest type of the late-Renaissance man. Eagerly athirst for knowledge, he spent himself in acquiring all that Europe had to give of musical culture. His early years were taken up in preparing for that quest. At the court of Maurice of Kassel he became known as "the young cavalier," at once, as by an intuitive insight, taking on the graces and refinements of a culture more urbane than any to be encountered in his own home at Weissenfels. Then came the first journey to Italy and the influence of Giovanni Gabrieli, ripening his powers and guiding his musical talent along a certified way. After three years he returned, endowed with a manifold ability, and started on his brilliant and restless career of court musician and composer. For forty years he worked at Dresden and travelled unceasingly to and from Copenhagen, to the Courts of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel and Bückeburg, making also a second journey to Italy. Disillusionments came heavily upon him. He lived to see his band of musicians in Dresden ruined in the hard times attendant on war, and he experienced the ungrateful forgetfulness of princes. At length he retired to his native place, and there, at the end of his long life as a composer, he published, in his eightieth year, the magnificent set of oratorios called the Bible Histories, producing, thus, his finest work at the last. He must have wielded great power. From the early years he was much sought after by princes, and the story of the quarrel between Maurice of Kassel and the Elector of Saxony as to which should possess his services makes amusing reading. Later he was to find the hollowness that lurked in all these polished princely compliments. His life resembles Handel's in its struggles and defeats, its victories and its fame. Herr Müller has written a concise little biography which should be read in conjunction with M. Pirro's more extended work. There is little or no discussion of the æsthetic of Schütz.

Dr. Mengelberg writes on Gustav Mahler as an artist in words on an artist in sounds. But Mahler was more than this. The half (and certainly not the least important) of his activities had to do with the training and organisation of opera companies and the conducting of orchestras. The author of this excellent short study is not blinded by the magnitude of Mahler's creative effort, but gives a full account of his many struggles in the more material ways of the Viennese opera and the New York Philharmonic orchestra. For Mahler was incurably restless. A Jew, he turned Roman Catholic; a composer, he must conduct; a conductor, he must compose. He strove after success, only to find that in success there lay but small satisfaction because of his insatiable aspirations towards a greater perfection. No sooner was one effect attained than he caught glimpses of a further goal and

threw himself impetuously into the struggle again. He died, an overstrained, worn-out man, endeavouring to the last to gather enough of this world's goods to assure himself the one thing he could never gain, a quiet haven in which to find repose and opportunity for co-ordinating all the tangled experiences of his life and gleaning from them some adequate philosophy. Dr. Mengelberg's book is not wholly biographical, as is Herr Müller's. Mahler's compositions have some clear and concise pages allotted to them, and by that means the picture of the man is given depth and perspective.

S. G.

Living Masters of Music. Edited by Sir Landon Ronald. Brahms, by Jeffrey Pulver. Liszt, by Frederick Corder. Schumann, by Herbert Bedford. Kegan Paul & Co., Ltd., and Curwen & Sons, Ltd. 7s. 6d. each volume.

The three volumes in this pleasant series of musical biography share the same characteristics of easy reading and simple manner. They are unpretentious of any stylistic inflation, telling the tale of the composers' lives in direct speech, and relying on just such a recitation of bare facts as will cover the ground and give a connected review of activities. This slightly pedestrian method runs the risk of dulling the enthusiasms of the reader who is an amateur of music, and of irritating him whose knowledge is deeper. In the Brahms volume this is especially the case. Brahms' life was admittedly smooth in its pace and wanting in spectacular eventfulness. What there was of struggle and adventure was hidden even from his contemporaries, the spiritual conflict that produced the "Schicksalslied" seems never to have been communicated to any human being. Not that it is required of the artist to open up his inner life to the gaze of all. Nevertheless, a momentary glimpse vouchsafed is an aid to the biographer. But Brahms seldom gave himself the relaxation of disclosing his concealed thoughts. And thus the biographer must forgo one of the ways of approaching a subject, that of the self-imparted revelation. Two others remain: the purely biographical and the critical. Mr. Pulver has confined himself to the first of these two methods and produced a readable study of Brahms. This is a work which many will feel able to skip in places, but which will certainly serve as a useful small book of reference.

Mr. Corder's book treats of a more likely subject for expansion, but is a shorter work. It is written in a curiously peevish style, occasioned by a mild cynicism that consorts ill with the generous character of Liszt. Mr. Bedford's "Schumann" presents the facts of the composer's early life in an agreeable, if slightly jocular, way, and then settles down into an ordered presentation of the works and their performances, a method followed in the two other volumes noticed here. Behind all this description of times and places and persons there can be felt the real, uncommunicable, elusive lives of these great men, never seen by others, lived in absolute loneliness, further removed, even, than the artistic experiences that they might, and sometimes did, talk of in their varying degrees of expansiveness.

S. G.

La vie de Franz Liszt. Par Guy de Pourtalès. Paris. Nouvelle Revue Française. 10 fr. 50.

This is not primarily a musician's book. It is for the general reader. That is to say, it is, in the first place, not musical biography, but a literary study. Criticism, therefore, must be directed more towards its literary merits than towards its success as a historical document. M. de Pourtalès has produced a book which is worthy to stand, as a piece of historical reconstruction, beside M. Maurois' "*Ariel ou la vie de Shelley*." The styles of the two authors are similarly sensitive, and their methods show the same acute judgment and ease in marshalling facts. In Shelley's case facts are not difficult to dispose of. His life, for all its internal complexity, centred round a few salient episodes which can be dealt with in a natural manner, so that the deliberate portrayal of the poet's inner life is seldom disturbed by the description of mundane events. But with Liszt the problem is less simple for the biographer who writes in the undocumented, tale-telling way that M. de Pourtalès very adequately affects. Assuredly Liszt life had periods of evident climax. But it is necessary, in order to lead up to these, to describe a host of minor details such as concert tours, operatic ventures, meetings with important personages. Thus the actual story of his inward life is in danger of being covered over by a flood of detailed delineation. It is a case where one synthesis makes, another mars. M. de Pourtalès has performed his task admirably. Details have not been allowed to detract from the broad impression. The effect produced is one which seems commensurate with truth. Liszt's wonderful artistic career, starting, really, with Beethoven's kiss and ending with a last murmured word "*Tristan*," unfolds in these pages. And when the last line is reached it is found that the more secret life of his struggles and temptations lies disclosed. That any one man should merely have experienced so much passion (to take but one aspect of his life) is extraordinary. But Liszt achieved more. He broke through the world of flowers that was enclosing him. He left his triumphant concert-giving and set himself to the double work of composer and Wagner-prophet. Love and hate pursued him to the end, both equally unforgiving, always in forms of extreme violence. He could not escape them. But the eventual triumph lay with him. There is something admirable in a character that, by sheer dogged determination, wins calm from turmoil and peace from a hideous publicity.

S. G.

Biblioteca di cultura moderna. La Musica da Camera dai Clavicembalisti a Debussy. By Antonio Capri. Laterza & Figli, Bari. L.18.

Storia e Letteratura del Pianoforte. By Arnaldo Bonaventura. Giusti, Livorno. L.1.50.

In the introduction to "*La Musica da Camera*" the author at once attacks the present state of musical education in Conservatoires for its inherent narrowness of outlook. He then writes: "Fully to understand Beethoven it is necessary, without oneself being Beethoven, to

have something in common with him, so that one may come within his latitude. . . ." Signor Capri thereupon puts into practice his own ideals, applying that principle of a broad outlook and an intimate touch, which he had demonstrated as necessary for the musical technician, to the equally confined spaces of modern musical historiography. And there is no question that the finest part of this remarkably informative and interesting book is to be found in the breadth of treatment and the clearly presented historic background. All too seldom do we meet with a book on a musical subject that is treated in such a way as to show a definite grasp of the manifold implications which lie behind and around music, implications historical and philosophical, literary and artistic. With the increasing pace of modern existence, specialisation has likewise increased. It is begun earlier in life than formerly, and hence there are fewer who can give time to a more humanistic breadth of learning. We are, therefore, the more glad to have Signor Capri's book. He shows a real insight into the domains of thought that lie outside music and yet are of importance for its full comprehension. It is refreshing to find this author drawing on Dante, Petrarca, Villani and De Sanctis, on Goethe, Schopenhauer and Croce for support in the arguments he uses in his appreciation of musical aesthetics. The foreign reader may bring the charge that this book is too thickly strewn with allusions to sources which lie far from the generally accepted limits of music. We feel, however, that in such a stricture there lurks a stronger criticism of the reader than of the writer. The author's method is explained in the following passage (p. 234): "In the course of these excursions in the field of chamber music I have endeavoured to hold always in view and to bring into prominence that spiritual simultaneity which shows itself in the varying spheres of human activity, testifying to a deep-seated unity between the culture and the intellectual life of a given period of history." Signor Capri proceeds from a study of the clavicembalists to a consideration of the development of the symphonic form arising out of their activities. We miss two important names. In a discussion of English cembalo music John Bull finds no place. (Here the Italianisation and misspelling of the English proper names is curious and unhelpful: Jognson, Beaumond, Flescher, Dreyden, Benzer, Blithaman, Talpole.) And in the section dealing with the development of pianoforte technique in the 18th century no mention is made of Domenico Alberti. In tracing the growth of symphonic form from the early clavicembalists, Signor Capri covers all the ground up to the present day, and ends with a noteworthy set of chapters on the modern composers, tracing, among other things, affinities between the romanticism of Wagner and that of Debussy.

Signor Bonaventura's book is unlike the foregoing in content as well as in treatment. It is a book of reference, written without any pretension to style. After some introductory chapters in which the history of the pianoforte is traced, the author settles down into a recitation of the chief pianoforte manufacturers, players and composers, with short descriptions of their activities. Luckily there is a reliable index, by means of which masses of dull facts can be left on one side and the main important point detached. There is a very useful bibliography.

S. G.

The Problems of Modern Music. By Adolf Weissmann. Translated by M. M. Bozman. Dent. 6s. net.

Studies in Modern Music. By Sir W. H. Hadow. Pocket edition. 2 vols. Seeley, Service. 5s. each volume.

This book, by Prof. Weissmann, the Berlin critic and musical historian, is a very able discussion of the problems of modern music. The author puts things easily and clearly. (Or must we, at this point, thank the translator, M. M. Bozman, for dealing with Prof. Weissmann's German in the same subtle way as he (or she) has dealt with that of Herr Becker's "Beethoven"?) He travels, in retrospect, through all the musical countries of the world, and his ability is evident in the way he fixes the main characteristics of a country or a composer. He is not here in a position to cover the whole ground in detail. It is impossible to deal with all aspects of Richard Strauss in 25 pages, or of Debussy in 22. But in these two chapters the present state of music in Germany and France is discussed, and the magic of these two names calls into being the history of the past century and the prophecies of the future. And, again, when the author says of Elgar: "In England, the Mendelssohnian tradition was peacefully carried on by Charles Villiers Stanford, till Edward Elgar appeared as the natural fruit of a cult of Brahms, which had for some time been gathering strength. The work of Elgar, the son of an organist, and at one time himself an organist, has an air of suavity and dignity"; we feel that though Prof. Weissmann does not envisage, or has not the space to mention, all the points, yet those that he does give us are often strikingly representative. Which brings us to the other chief charm of this book, its frank outspoken manner. We have got so inured to the long treatise, the weighty volume, the involved sentence which Germany so successfully, and yet, for us, so aridly, produces, that we are in danger of overlooking the existence in that country of other types of the creative literary mind. Prof. Weissmann is terse and tense in his criticism of present conditions and in his suggestions for their management. (These latter are few, as Mr. Dent says in his Introduction, for the author is generally content to pose the problem and leave its elucidation for the reader.) This keen analytical method is especially noticeable (as it is necessary) when he deals, in the first part of the book, with "The Modern Environment," and, at the finish, with "Some Aspects of Modern Music" and "Music and the Age." It is hardly likely that this book will have only an ephemeral interest. As an exposition of this special subject it is one of the best we have met with.

We welcome a reissue, in pocket form, of Sir Henry Hadow's two volumes. Could not the book have been brought up to date in the small, but not unimportant, matter of nomenclature? It is no longer needful to print, for instance, "Mr. Stevenson" or "Dr. Parry." Or to say of Dvorák, "He is the greatest living exponent of his Art." And such a sentence as the following might at least now be altered in tense (speaking of Queen Victoria's patronage of Wagner): "The Queen was present at the performance and received the composer with that winning graciousness which her Majesty has always shown to great artists of every school and nation." There is also this (vol. 2, p. 60, speaking of the sense of novelty): "No doubt this influence would be seriously impaired if we were to hear the same passage day after day and hour after hour, but this, of course, we are not called upon

to do." But what about the gramophone? Interesting as are the actual studies of Berlioz, Schumann, Wagner, Chopin, Dvorák and Brahms, the two introductory chapters, "Music and Musical Criticism" and "The Outlines of Musical Form," deserve most attention for the acumen and judgment they display.

S. G.

The Spell of Music. By J. A. Fuller Maitland. John Murray. 8s. 6d.
Studies and Caprices. By A. Brent Smith. Methuen & Co., Ltd.

Both of these books deal with subjects that are situated on the confines of music. Mr. Brent Smith, in the second part of his book ("Caprices"), where he writes on "The unexpected in music," "The negative in music," and kindred matters, comes within hailing distance of Mr. Fuller Maitland. But "The Spell of Music" is the more marginal, by that being meant that it approaches the main subject from outlying points that are selected through no haphazard choice and which give original and thought-provoking prospects. In his preface the author makes it understood that this little book (intended as a counterpart to the earlier "Musician's Pilgrimage") is designed to fall into the hands of "the listener." It is, then, in the chapter "The Art of Listening" that the kernel of the matter will be found. The whole book is full of wisdom, of ingenious reasoning and happy turns of phrase. (There is a misprint on p. 91: the direction to the bars in the Brahms symphony should surely read "17 to 23.") It would seem almost an impertinence to mention Mr. Fuller Maitland's style; but we have got great pleasure from the ease with which this book can be read by reason of its clear and unembellished phraseology. The calm reasoning is at times ruffled by a certain brightness of wit.

Mr. Brent Smith also displays "brightness," and in large quantities. In fact, this is liable to loom largest in the memory of the reader, obscuring the very real scholarship and intuitive grasp of the problems that are dealt with. This element in the author's method (p. 96, "No other sea-inspired piece sounds so wet as does the 'Hebrides'"; p. 143, ". . . Schönberg's music is, alas! a hideous and unavoidable fact") can be traced to existing models. It is far from Mr. Lytton Strachey, much nearer to Mr. Phillip Guedalla. But "intriguing" as it is at the first meeting, what chance has it of giving lasting power to the essays which it adorns? Mr. Brent Smith would have helped the reader if he had done as Mr. Fuller Maitland has, and prefaced his book with a note saying for whom it was written, what class of audience he had in mind when selecting these essays. The author's erudition is indubitable, his enthusiasm impossible to miss. In the first part of this book ("Studies") he has gathered a series of papers into this form after their appearance in certain periodicals. The essay on Meyerbeer is especially good, dealing very wittingly, yet justly, with a musician who suffers neglect at the present day. In "Painted Music" the spelling of the names Gerard Terborch and Gerard Dou has been maltreated.

S. G.

Music and its Creators. By Neville d'Esterre. George Allen and Unwin. 6s.

This is an account of Mr. d'Esterre's musical pilgrimage from youth to maturity, coupled with a most persuasive plea for the player-piano as the amateur's best guide to knowledge. A musician by heredity, Mr. d'Esterre was prevented by circumstances from early acquiring the degree of technique for a performer, but missed no opportunity of hearing the best performances of others, and, after a general survey of the musical field, finally settled down to work out his own salvation through the medium of a "leg-operated pianoforte." His enthusiasm for the pianoforte cannot be questioned. But he is much more than a pianist. Indeed, he is at his best when writing philosophically. We cannot always accept his views when, for instance, straying into the realms of literature or theology, he couples the names of Hardy and Galworthy, or suggests a comparison between Purcell and Wycliffe, Wagner and John Knox. But his conclusions on the whole are remarkably sound, and he has a knack of putting much wisdom into a few words. "I care nothing," he wisely says, "about any tonality; I am an advocate of beautiful and poetic music." And again: "I would pardon a hundred split infinitives rather than one nebulous idea." One of the best things in the book is the author's fierce indictment (p. 160) of the essential and infectious beastliness of jazz-band and saxophone. We recommend this little book to those good amateurs who are inclined to take their music thoughtfully, as well as to all musicians who agree with the author's estimate of the importance of good music for the welfare of the community.

P. E.

Gedenkboek aangeboden aan Dr. D. F. Scheurleer op zijn 70sten verjaardag, bijgedragen van vrienden en vereerders op het gebied der muziek. Martinus Nijhoff, The Hague. 10 gulden.

Dr. Scheurleer, banker, connoisseur, translator of Epictetus and La Rochefoucauld, doyen of Dutch musical historians, known and honoured in his own country, and by all who have had the good fortune to come into contact with him, for the many activities he has so successfully indulged in, has had presented to him on his 70th birthday a memorial publication worthy the fame he has attained. Writers on the history of music from thirteen countries have contributed to this book. Needless to say that a work bearing on its title page the name of Martinus Nijhoff, of The Hague, is well printed and produced. Impossible to do more in this short notice than mention the different items which make up this significant publication. For evident reasons we may turn first to English and Dutch contributions. There are three from this land. Mr. Fuller Maitland describes the MS. of a certain Robert Carver, Canon of Scone Abbey, Perthshire, which now exists in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Mr. Barclay Squire has a short article on the important discovery he has made, among the volumes of the Royal Music Library, now on permanent loan in the British Museum, of a score of the opera (late 17th century Roman) "Proserpina Rapita." Aided by passages from the diaries of Evelyn and Theodore Ameyden, Mr. Squire has been able to assign the work to the Prince of Gallicano. Finally, there is a longer article by Mr. Oldman, in which a lively and interesting descriptive analysis is given

of a collection of harmony and counterpoint exercises worked by Thomas Attwood under the guidance of Mozart. These exercises, bound up into three volumes of oblong octavo, were bequeathed by Attwood to Sir John Goss, after which they came into the possession of Sir Frederick Bridge, and now belong to Mr. Oldman. The Dutch contributions are naturally of a more personal nature. A Ravelesque song by Dr. Rudolph Mengelberg, the distinguished Mahler biographer; friendly notices by Mijnheer Pijzel and Mijnheer Sibmacher Zijnen; an amusing article on "Musical Crowned Heads," by the notable critic Hutschenruyter; these are only a few, and the least learned, of the Dutch articles. Among those that remain, signed with such notable names as Pirro, Seiffert, Adler, there is M. van den Borren's interesting study of the French and Italian songs of Sweelinck, wherein the author proves certain secular vocal compositions by Sweelinck to be "parodies," or arrangements for a smaller number of voices, of madrigals by Marenzio, Ferrabosco and Gabrieli. We congratulate Dr. Scheurleer on receiving a birthday gift which is of such lasting worth.

S. G.

De Psychologische Beteekenis van Willem Mengelberg als Dirigent.

A. van den Boer. L. J. Veen, Amsterdam.

In this book, "The Psychological Significance of Mengelberg as a Conductor," the author passes in review Mengelberg's activities as an interpreter of the works of great composers, starting with J. S. Bach and reaching the present day with Debussy, Ravel, Stravinsky, and Florent Schmitt. There is also a concise historical introduction which examines the main points in the development of the art of conducting with the stick. The book is clearly written wherever Mijnheer van den Boer is dealing with generalities or discussing the work of other conductors. But as soon as the name of Mengelberg appears on the page it brings in its train a plethora of words and phrases that makes tedious reading and soon ceases to convince. The author has, however, some profitable things to say with regard to the composers whose works he mentions as having been conducted by Mengelberg so much better than by any other conductor, or at least so differently. And it is this part of the book which, escaping from the pomposity implied in the high-sounding title, shows some original thought and perception. Many readers will disagree with the author's strictures and enthusiasms about modern composers. But how much better to feel even strong disagreement than to be rendered senseless by the flood of hero-worship that fills the rest of the book.

S. G.

CORRESPONDENCE

SIR,—We have read Mr. Charles Manners' article entitled "The Financial Problem of National Opera" in the April issue of *MUSIC AND LETTERS*.

It is with some disinclination that we enter the lists with Mr. Manners. We run the risk, in any case, of being regarded as prejudiced persons, and much that we would wish to say consequently becomes inexpedient. Somewhat reassured, however, by the absence of any such consideration in the attitude of Mr. Manners himself, and feeling that much of his article is a direct challenge to ourselves, and as such demands our notice, we venture to put forward certain points concerning his case as they appear to us.

We may leave the autobiographical side of Mr. Manners' experiences on one side, while congratulating him on the happy issue of his fortunes, and on the fact that he was able to retire before having to face the entirely different aspect of opera in English which has since arisen, and incidentally before the advent of the entertainment tax. We seem to remember, however, that Mr. Manners made a constant practice of appearing before the curtain and complaining that he was inadequately supported—indeed, losing money.

Taking the question in its largest sense of the problem of opera as raised, and, as he says, solved by him, the difference between his attitude towards it and that of the B.N.O.C. is one of outlook. Personal comments on the character of the performances of the Moody-Manners Company would be possible, for those performances are well within the active memory of many of us. It is perhaps sufficient to say that, as a result of 20 years' work, Mr. Manners retired with a provision for life, but that when the Denhof and Beecham performances were first seen, not forgetting those given by Quinlan, the public received them as a revelation, as reference to the Press of the time will show. It would appear, therefore, that Mr. Manners, in the course of 20 years' work, had not succeeded in establishing a standard that would bear the test of competition. He would now have us believe that it would be desirable to ignore the conditions then created and to return to the methods of pre-Beecham days. We know that the public would not receive such a retrogression without protest. Indeed, would a public accustomed to later standards give any support to such a *volte-face*? Does he seriously propose that we should now commence where he commenced and work for twenty years with a similar static result? Is it seriously necessary to put back the clock as he suggests, to prove that opera, as and when he presented it, might again put its managers into his own fortunate position? The problem is quite otherwise. It is that of making a higher and different standard possible, and in days of post-war finance and expense.

It seems to us that his idea of forming a company with 100,000 shares of 5s. is inherently unsound. It is a popular delusion that a majority of the people interested in such a project are willing to spend something upon it beyond what they pay for their seats. To obtain

100,000 shareholders it would be necessary to approach five or six times that number of people.

But even assuming that the 100,000 5s. subscribers were found, does Mr. Manners realise that by the time fees and stamp duties, printing, postage and propaganda were paid for, each 5s. would be worth no more than 4s., which disposes of £5,000 of his total capital at once? Has he any conception of the cost of running a company with 100,000 shareholders? He would require a small army of clerks to cope with the work of keeping the registers, dealing with the correspondence, and so on. The B.N.O.C.'s annual return for Somerset House is, like the paint on the face of the lady referred to by Hamlet, "an inch thick." Mr. Manners' company's contribution would reach the dimensions of two and a half feet! Then, when his profits accrued, and he had to pay dividends at the rate of, say, even ten per cent. on the capital, has he considered the clerical work that would be involved and the cost of printing and posting 100,000 dividend warrants for sixpence each, less income tax (in the case of smaller dividends, a lower sum), every one of which would have to bear a twopenny stamp, with a three-halfpenny stamp on every envelope—3½d. to carry 4½d.!

We see that with his first capital he would only present six or eight operas, but if, as he apprehends, he succeeded in getting only a quarter of it at first, i.e., £6,250 (of which, as we have shown, he would have spent a large proportion in trying to get the whole), he would have to be very sparing indeed with his preliminary expenses. He might, in theatrical parlance, "vamp" the necessary scenery, but costumes are very costly affairs in these days, and he must leave something substantial for rehearsals. We are informed that when Mr. Manners was working he used, at one time at any rate, to rehearse his chorus without any payment. Now, as he must know, they have to receive a minimum of £2 a week for rehearsals, so that his chorus of only "thirty" would cost him £60 a week to rehearse, apart from the salary of a chorus master. The principals also need the salaried assistance of a conductor or other musical coach. The stage manager, his master carpenter, property man, and others of the stage staff would be busy and would require payment. Then the orchestra of 25 have to be paid at varying rates for rehearsals. Add to these the ballet, ballet mistress, wardrobe master or mistress, and, to complete the list, perhaps even Mr. Manners would require, say, one clerk and an advance agent to assist him in the matter of organisation. So that when it came to taking the railway tickets for the company and its effects, we think he would find that his funds were sadly depleted, and he would sigh for the golden days before "standard contracts" and orchestral unions existed.

Mr. Manners suggests an orchestra of 25. With such a number, apart from the operas of Mozart and those of similar dimensions, every orchestral score would have to undergo rearrangement—a costly and troublesome business. Such an emasculation of the composer's requirements, even if skilfully carried out, would rarely be satisfactory; but, judging by the effect of similarly reduced orchestras that we have heard, the process commonly followed seems to be not that of rearrangement, but the easier one of leaving out the parts for which the necessary players are missing. Supposing the wood-wind and adequate brass are employed as required for just effect, the number of possible strings remaining would entirely fail to establish anything like a proper balance of sound. We think, indeed, that the former

habit of such a depletion of the orchestra is largely responsible for the apathy which the educated musician in the provinces has so often displayed towards opera.

Mr. Ernest Newman, in a trenchant article in the *Glasgow Herald*, effectually disposes of Mr. Manners' plans. What he says, in effect, is that the public will no longer tolerate an attenuated orchestra, a chorus of 30, and a ballet of six, especially where it has been accustomed to a far higher standard of production for the past ten years.

For the purposes of argument, however, we will accept Mr. Manners' proposals and examine them.

We are assuming that he knows that the price of skilled and unskilled work is very much greater than it was. Is it not a fact that his orchestral bill used to be about £100 a week, and that he travelled an orchestra of thirty or thereabouts—an average of just over £3 per man? To-day, the average salary is more than double per man. Used he not formerly to pay his choristers some £2 a week, and even less in London? To-day, he could not get a chorus at all for less than £3 a week each, while the more competent singers would properly demand £3 10s. or £4. A ballet of six would be lost on stages like those of the New Empire, Liverpool, or the Opera House, Manchester. The fifteen principals would have to be well paid, and, in that respect, Mr. Manners used to give more to some of his principals than does the B.N.O.C. to-day.

He would take out six or eight operas, which means that he could not stay anywhere for more than one week—a most uneconomic proceeding. In our experience it is unsafe in these days to repeat standard works—with few exceptions—during a short season, except as between a matinée and evening performance.

As to the operas to be given, Mr. Manners gives at the B.N.O.C. (presumably) for not giving "Maritana" and "The Bohemian Girl" as sure moneymakers. Our aim throughout is for a better standard, not a worse, and why, while playing at least half a dozen works of the most popular type, are we to revert to "The Bohemian Girl" and the fatuities of the poet Bunn, when our Saturday nights (to which that work and "Maritana" are by usage dedicated) are always thoroughly well patronised? We endeavour rather to give the larger public a work on its own particular night that will give it some new and keener sense of beauty. By playing, for instance, "The Mastersingers," on Saturday nights, as in some towns we have been able to do, that work has become thoroughly popular with every class of auditor, and we can now rely upon it to fill the theatre at least once during our usual visits, on any night in the week. It is true that in its popularity it rubs shoulders with works of a very different order, but that is because the public patronises only those works with which it is familiar. Spend money on putting a masterpiece of such universality before it and it will respond, probably more rapidly than those who believe in the opposite plan would suspect. The same process is gradually taking place with regard to Verdi's "Othello," which is now better patronised than at any former time.

We admit that to make opera, properly presented, a financial success would be most desirable. There is ample evidence, both from abroad and at home, that the two things are incompatible. Mr. Manners does not, to our minds, show us any evidence to the contrary, nor put before us any methods with which we are not already entirely familiar, nor

which do not form the ordinary practice of any company, his pension scheme excepted, an idea that we imagine is of comparatively recent birth.

The problem to-day is to give opera as well as possible—which means to judiciously spend as much upon it as possible—and yet to leave an economic margin between expenditure and the capacity of the theatres. A margin which is economic in times of prosperity is uneconomic in days of industrial depression, yet the rate of expenditure cannot be materially decreased without a proportionate lowering of standard.

It is a problem which in foreign countries has been solved by the subsidy, so that the standard remains high.

Mr. Manners declares, in one paragraph, that a subsidy would be a "totally erroneous idea," while in another he suggests that the Government or the L.C.C. would present a site for an opera house, for the building of which public (or private) funds would be readily forthcoming. Obviously, a free theatre would be a sufficient subsidy for any ordinary demands, as rents and local outgoings constitute about 20 per cent. of an opera company's usual expenditure—certainly in the case of a company conducted on a large scale and using a large theatre. Such a provision forms part of the subsidy of the Theatre de la Monnaie in Brussels; but the word "subsidy" disturbs Mr. Manners. What nomenclature would he propose in its place? Where, too, does he really stand? He says elsewhere in his article that a subsidy is impossible in England, and also gives us to understand that he objects to subsidy in principle. If at an ultimate stage a grant (let us call it) will be needed and can be (fittingly) accepted from County Council or Government, why postpone the effort to obtain it; why deny its need now and admit it later? If subsidy is dangerous and unnecessary, let us not meddle with the accursed thing. It has yet to be shown, however, that Continental experience points that way. Continental experience, on the contrary, and with striking unanimity, declares that the presentation of opera in an adequate manner cannot be achieved without outside financial support. Mr. Manners cannot dispose of the matter merely by saying, "Abroad we all know it is different, and there is, I believe, not a country in Europe in which grand opera is not more or less lavishly assisted by grants in aid from public sources, a principle with which I myself thoroughly disagree."

As for the Napoleon of Opera, of whom we have heard so much of late, whose necessary attributes Mr. Manners specifies with some particularity, in whom genius, both as artist and financier, is to be embodied, to say nothing of other rare and desirable qualities, we wonder who will have the hardihood to present himself as fulfilling the complete conditions? Such a person may know "the price of a pair of tights," as Mr. Manners has said, but that is very common knowledge. If opera is to be established as a national activity and possession, it is necessary to be able to appraise things that are much more intangible.

Yours faithfully,

FREDERIC AUSTIN,
PAGET BOWMAN,

Directors.

The British National Opera Co., Ltd.,
18, Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C. 2.
May 5, 1926.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS FOR THE QUARTER

This list is representative, not complete. H.M.V.—The Gramophone Company.
Col.—Columbia; Voc.—Vocalion.

Orchestral.—Parlophone E 10423, 10424, 10425. Richard Strauss: tone-poem, *Macbeth*, played by the State Opera House Orchestra, Berlin, under Ed. Moerike.—Strauss was twenty-two years old when he wrote this study in sound of *Macbeth* and Lady *Macbeth*. Clever though he was, and although experienced already in writing music, the task of expressing the mind and the moods of *Macbeth* was more than the young Strauss could carry through. His music is, therefore, not unlike what the playing of an actor would be who essayed the part. It is bold, brilliant, rough, very harsh at times, and only intermittently grateful to the purely musical senses, the composer aiming to portray the ruthless ambitions of *Macbeth*. The quieter passages deal with *Macbeth's* wife and his reflections on the love that exists between them. The records will chiefly interest students who have some knowledge of the later tone-poems, from *Till Eulenspiegel* and *Don Juan* to *Ein Heldenleben* (several of these later works being already available for the gramophonist).

The music should be listened to at first with the help of the miniature full score, because much of its effect depends on the listener having the right idea of the time. The work as a whole must be observed in the light of its "official" programme, which—in briefest outline—is as follows: The leading *Macbeth* theme starts at the 6th bar; it covers 14 bars, and the time is 4-4. The second *Macbeth* theme appears in due course; it expresses the irresolute qualities of the man, and its rhythm is broken. When the time changes to 3-4 the Lady *Macbeth* theme comes, heralded by a single note: it expresses her determination to drive her husband on to success ("Hie thee hither, that I may pour my spirits in thine ear"). A third *Macbeth* theme comes early in the 2nd part of the record; it is in 3-4 time, and stands for the love

between the man and his wife. The *furioso* music which flows from the 2nd part into the 3rd represents *Macbeth's* girding himself up to the intense determination by which alone he can encompass the king's murder. The 4th part contains the music illustrative of that "fate and metaphysical aid" which impel *Macbeth* forward and which he invokes. The 5th (the last) part has the music which suggests the graver aspects of the man's conditions of mind and soul.

Parlophone E 10426: The overture to *Preciosa* (Weber), played by the Opera House Orchestra, Berlin, under Dr. Weissmann.—This music stands half-way between good Weber and good light musical comedy. It is, of course, thoroughly pleasant, but one has to be exactly in the mood for it. The march-theme is from the Spanish: Weber heard some Spanish soldiers in Gotha singing their native music, and he was so delighted with it that he incorporated some of the melodies in his incidental music to the play. But there is nothing Spanish in Weber's treatment of the material.

Columbia L 1708-13 (12 parts). The *Symphonia fantastique* of Berlioz, performed by Weingartner and the London Symphony Orchestra.—The music is very simple to listeners of to-day, but the descriptive notes and detailed "programme" given with the album are none the less useful if not altogether necessary to one who has in his mind the titles of the sections and the plain facts of the composer's scheme.

Choral.—H.M.V. D 1083: The Westminster Abbey Special Choir: conductor, Sydney H. Nicholson.—This record contains two pieces of music which span the generations from 1600 to 1900,—a *Gloria in Excelsis* by Thomas Weelkes, and a Motet by Hubert Parry, the latter (as it happens) being a setting of words by a contemporary of Weelkes.

Parry in his last motets re-

covered for English choral music its earlier strength, dignity, calmness, and poetic truth and certainty. The compositions of his middle life had for the most part a purely musical vigour. Their effect was often that of the great established *machine* of music, which can be made to operate by any gifted musician of experience. Those of his final period seem to have more of the right poetic vigour. There is no self-operating musical energy in them, but on the contrary an inspiration born entirely of the subject.

The present example, the setting of Thomas Campion's *Never weather-beaten sail*, is music that moves one as much by its poetic sincerity as by its pure beauty; and the performance is fully adequate. The voices gain in richness from the acoustic properties of the Abbey, the sounds floating along the wide spaces of the floor and lingering in the high roof, and so a very lovely serenity attends on the piece. These remarks apply to the Weekes, also to the companion records:—

H.M.V. D 1084. The last chorus from the *Matthew Passion* of Bach ("We bow our heads"), of which the organ accompaniment by O. H. Peasgood provides a perfect example of the recording of organ playing; and.—

H.M.V. E 419: The ancient *In dulci Jubilo* carol, arranged by Robert Lucas de Pearsall (1795-1856).

Columbia 9085: The very soul of one aspect of the Russian nation is revealed to us in the folk-song *Monotonously rings the little bell*, as sung by the Don Cossacks Choir. The soloist has that mysterious, almost uncanny voice of the Russian male soprano; it is not the soprano of the evirato, nor yet a falsetto, but something entirely *sui generis*, of which the pathos is almost too poignant. The choral accompaniments are in that almost motionless rhythm which belongs to certain kinds of Russian music, and the superb Russian basses come out clearly. The reverse of the disc contains an arrangement of the song of the Volga boatmen.

Columbia 9080. Elgar: (a) the *Military March* in D ("Pomp and Circumstance") with a solo singer doing the trio and a chorus doing the coda, and the Grenadier Guards Band doing the rest; and (b) the genuine *Land of Hope and Glory*, by Harold Williams (chanting, apparently through a megaphone), a chorus, and the band as aforesaid. Take further an extra loud needle, and an instru-

ment which, like the Apollo Super IV Gramophone, has a big amplifier or resonator. Bring all together, and you will produce a real quadruple-*fortissimo* and receive that good old thrill, born of patriotic ardour made emotional and volume of good musical sound made colossal, which proves to you that the fundamental depths of your simple nature have been reached.

Vocal. H.M.V. DA 751: The first example for the gramophonist of the vocal music of Manuel de Falla is recorded by Tito Schipa, the song being the jota from Falla's "Seven popular Spanish Songs." By *popular* is meant the equivalent of "folk."

This particular piece illustrates a national dance brought into perfect art-form by the one Spaniard of indubitable musical genius. The more we know of primitive Spanish music the more we appreciate the beauty of this song; yet a music-lover who has never heard anything in the Spanish idiom better than the conventional (and rather incorrect) boleros, fandangos, etc., for the piano—written by second-rate European composers—will feel in a moment the delightful charm of the music. Its rhythm is irresistible, and the sentiment is honest and tender.

We are to imagine a serenade. The lover sings:

Dicen | que no nos que- | -remos |
(bis)

Porque | no nos ven ha- | -blar
A tu corazón y el mio
Se lo puedan preguntar.
Dicen que no nos queremos
Porque no nos ven hablar

Ya me despido deti (bis)
De tu casa y tu ventana,
Y aunque no quiera tu madre:
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.

None believe that we are lovers—we do not tell them; but your heart and mine will know if they ask themselves.

Now I must leave you, I must turn from your window, lest I awake your mother. Farewell, child, until tomorrow.

The other song on this record is a far less distinctive *Madrigal español* by J. Huarte; it is, however, a good example of that florid cantillation which is proper to the primitive *flamenco* music of Spain.

Schipa sings these songs to perfection. His vocal art in the Falla is indeed exquisite. But could not

Fleta, the Spanish-born tenor who gets his thousand guineas a concert and who has already recorded Spanish music for the gramophone, be asked to record the entire set of these songs of Falla?

Polydor 65654: Elisabeth Schumann, in two numbers from Mozart's *Figaro*. The singing is so lovely, that one seems never to have heard Mozart sung properly before.

Polydor 15745: Hertha Stolzenberg and P. Hansen in the two chief duets from *Traviata* (Verdi). Sung thus, the music is delightful, winning for us a return of that mysterious thrill most genuine musicians feel early in life when in contact with melodious Italian arias.

Polydor 72674: Joseph Schwarz sings Wolfram's two songs (Wagner's *Tannhäuser*), investing them with that natural earnestness and sincerity which make Wolfram the most grateful character in the opera.

Polydor 72775: "Einsam in trüben Tagen" from *Lohengrin*, and the "Willow Song" from Verdi's *Otello*, sung by Delia Reinhardt.

Parlophone E 10431: In two arias from Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, Emmy Bettendorf reveals the refined beauty and tender human emotion which, when occasion served, Verdi could bring into his melodies. The public taste of the middle of the nineteenth century knew of these qualities in his music, since otherwise the melodies would not have supplied street performers with material that guaranteed a sympathetic audience; but only a singer of superlative gifts can make us feel the genuine art of the melodies to-day. Emmy Bettendorf is such a singer, and this record of her work ought to be known to all music lovers, whatever their particular individual taste may be. The orchestral accompaniments are as beautifully performed as the vocal part.

Parlophone E 10421: Further examples of Emmy Bettendorf's singing are offered in this disc, the pieces being two arias from Strauss's *Ariadne in Naxos*.

H.M.V. DB 911: Lucrezia Bori and Tito Schipa, in the Death Scene from *La Bohème*, show us how the Italians sing this thoroughly Italian music. The Italian emotional "accent" (to extend slightly the application of this word) is entirely different from the Teutonic. Not matured, philosophical reflection is at its root, but an immediate sensation—the sensation which, for us of more

Northern races, belongs properly to children. Rendered thus, Puccini's music becomes painfully pathetic; we feel we are observing children in terrible distress.

Chamber Music. Columbia L 1724-1727: Beethoven: *Quartet in E minor*, Op. 59, No. 2. The performance of this familiar composition by the London String Quartet can be called perfect. It is based on tradition, yet infused throughout with very fine personality. The reproduction is both delicate and full, and the counterpoint of the four instruments is exquisitely clear. The viola is particularly lovely in the second movement, but the first violin is (as it should be) most like a thread of song. The 'cello, in passages where it has to beat out rhythmical notes, is like an ideal drum.

Columbia L 1740/1/2. Haydn: *Quartet in D minor*, Op. 76, No. 2. The technical refinement of Haydn's writing, and the technical perfection of the Lener Quartet's playing make for perfection when united. There is nothing more purely lovely than this kind of music, and there can hardly be a more fitting instrument for such music than this body of players. The Lener people seem almost like an Aeolian harp upon which the spirit of Haydn breathes, so that the music seems actually to be playing itself—to say anything further, one would have to go into metre.

H.M.V. D 1075/7. Another Haydn quartet, that in G major, Op. 76, No. 1, was issued for gramophonists in the three months under review here. The performers are the Budapest String Quartet. In this performance again is the great line of tradition extended. The minuet is particularly beautiful.

Parlophone E 10414/15/16. The "Spring Sonata" of Beethoven, Op. 24: Edith Lorand and Michael Raucheisen. The piano part of this record reproduces nearly as well as the violin part. These two performers are excellently matched, in both mind and technique; and this sonata requires (more even than is usual with Beethoven) the flexible conversational style of performance. The rhythmically difficult scherzo is as easy to the players as the slow movement, and all through the piece they give us that feeling of leisure which the simpler music of the classical period possesses.

Columbia L 1731/2: The *Sonata*

in *C sharp minor* of Dohnányi, Op. 1, for violin and piano, played by Lionel Tertis on the viola, with William Murdoch at the piano. The average music-lover will not realise that this is music to like, until he gets to the last part, where a certain slow, reflective passage will suddenly reveal to him the composer's object in writing the Sonata; and when—as is probable—the music-lover immediately repeats the piece, he

will find that all the earlier sections are intelligible and purposeful. There are a few phrases that the viola cannot take well, but in general the music gains by this transcription.

H.M.V. DB 910: Renée Chemet's performance of a little Minuet of Haydn's may not be the last word in musical feeling and in violin playing, but we need not mind if we are never taken further than she takes us here.

S. GREW.

N.B.—*Owing to the great strike, there has been delay in the despatch of gramophone records, and so few of the May issues can be noticed in the present number of MUSIC AND LETTERS.

PLAYER-PIANO ROLLS.

Aeolian Company ("Pianola.")

I. 88-note, "straight" (strict time) cutting.

For some years this department of the Aeolian Company's "Pianola" rolls catalogue has been neglected in favour of the free-time rolls which contain some pianist's performance and so compel us to accept a fixed rubato. Since a fixed rubato is a contradiction in terms, the cult of the instrument has suffered, in Germany, England, and America alike. But as there never was a cult, so far as the rough-and-ready music-loving public is concerned, this decay in good player art does not much matter.

During the past few months the Aeolian Company have issued in strict time rolls Nos. 13, 14, 15 of the first book of the *Well-tempered Clavier* (in F sharp major, F sharp minor, and G major). No. 14 is very delicate, and to perform it with just accent and right tone colour is to achieve a mastery of the instrument.

Three *Dream Dances*, by Coleridge-Taylor, and a *Canzonetta* by Edouard Schütt, are pleasant salon music.

II. Hand-played "Artist" rolls, 88-note.

Liszt's "Carnival of Pesti," the 9th of the *Hungarian Rhapsodies*, has plenty of energy and variety, and when one is in the mood for lively execution, with strong accents and animated figuration, the piece gives more pleasure than its companions. Arthur Friedheim's performance is helpful. It presents a dignified conception of the music, and so there is in the roll none of those personal idiosyncracies of the virtuoso pianist which drive a player-pianist to distraction.

Myra Hess's treatment of the great *Rhapsody in E flat* of Brahms, Op. 119, No. 4, is equally helpful. This very noble composition has been available for player-pianists for twenty years, but it has not won favour for three reasons. The first reason is that the opening section is built up of 5-bar (10 beat) phrases. Whether instructed in music or not, the

amateur takes music always in the 4-bar (8-beat) phrase, and the irregular cadential construction of Brahms confuses him. The third and final sections of the rhapsody are also in this 6+4 rhythm. A little intellectual observation, which need be no more than counting in tens, reveals the rhythm in these sections, and then the amateur finds that the music is actually as simple as a march. The second of the three reasons is that the phrases of the charming middle section, although regular in respect of the number of beats, are irregular in their phrasing, the "8," for example, becoming not 4+4, but 3+5. Miss Hess's very fine interpretation of the music in the middle section modifies this complexity. The third reason lies in the swift time of the coda and the broken writing there, with the awkwardly leaping chords.

Music of this kind should be offered in rolls that indicate the cadential structure at least; all that is wanted is a bold comma at the end of a phrase, or a short heavy line.

III. Duo-Art (i.e., for the Electric or Foot-Propelled Reproducing Piano of the Aeolian Company).

Granados was the perfect musician within his own limited sphere, and no Spanish-born composer has written music of exactly the same loveliness. He had a harmonic sense which was quite different from that native to musicians of his country, and where rhythmical energy and fire were not wanted by the subject, his creative abilities were excellent. But he was not "the greatest exponent of Spanish music," as he is declared to be by the writer of the May bulletin of the Aeolian Company. His deliberately Spanish music is often weak, in all the qualities where music of this race must be strong; and when he is working to national forms and rhythms he is often actually dull. Albéniz is by far his superior, and de Falla excels both Granados and Albéniz.

The *Danza española* of Granados, Op. 37, No. 1, is, however, most

lovely music of Spain--of the languorous Spain of Andalusia, and his own recording of it for the Duo-Art is a lesson in how the rich-toned, luscious Andalusian music should be played. The piece is as a meditation in the form of an impromptu, and it will please all who have previously responded to the *Goyescas*.

Josef Hofmann plays the *Caprice Espagnole* of Moszkowski, Op. 87, to a poetic "programme" which the present reviewer did not know of until he read the note in the May bulletin. Hofmann consequently makes the piece take on a different character, and his *tempo* is quite other than that adopted by musicians not acquainted with the composer's programme. It is not easy to abandon an idea maintained for fifteen or more years; but Hofmann

may be right, and the piece certainly reproduces delightfully in his rendering.

Arthur Rubinstein brings his fine mind to bear on the *Barcarolle* of Chopin, and the piece lives afresh. William Backhaus provides for English music-lovers a *Danse d'Olas* by Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli, one of the Italian composers so far known in this country only by name. The music is good piano music, but not much more. Katherine Goodson has recorded the rather troublesome *Fantasia in C major* of Schumann, Op. 17. This work is troublesome because Schumann asks of us the time and strength of observation required by a symphony, without providing music of a symphonic stimulation.

SYDNEY CREW.

REGISTER OF BOOKS ON MUSIC

THE following list contains a selection of recent books on music. The place of publication has not been added to the publisher's name if the former is the capital of the country or the latter is very well known, and the date of publication unless otherwise stated, is 1926. All prices quoted are net, and in the case of foreign books the price mentioned is that at which the cheapest edition can, or could, be purchased in the country in which the book is published. At the present rates of exchange £1 is roughly equivalent to 150 French francs (fr.); to 25 Swiss francs (Fr.); to 20 German marks (M.); to 125 Italian lire (L.); to 12 Dutch florins (fl.); to 18 Swedish crowns (Kr.); and to 33 Spanish pesetas (ptas.).

- Aesthetics.** P. M.: *Music in the light of Anthroposophy*. pp. 72. Anthroposophical Publishing Co. 1925. 2/6.
- Stege, F.: *Das Okkulte in der Musik*. pp. xii. 269. E. Bisinger: Münster i. W. 1925. 5 M.
- Aesthetics.** See also under **History**.
- Analysis.** Grabner, H.: *Lehrbuch der musikalischen Analyse*. pp. vi. 48. C. F. Kahnt: Leipzig. 2 M. 50.
- Appreciation.** Fuller - Maitland, J. A.: *The Spell of Music*. An attempt to analyse the enjoyment of music. pp. xiv. 108. Murray. 3/6.
- Bach, Knorr, I.: *Die Fugen des "Wohltemperierten Klaviers" von Joh. Seb. Bach in bildlicher Darstellung*. [2nd. ed.] pp. x. 48. Breitkopf. 2 M. 50. [The text is in German, French and English.]
- Terry, C. S.: *Joh. Seb. Bach: Cantata Texts, Sacred and Secular*. With a reconstruction of the Leipzig liturgy of his period. illus. pp. xx. 656. Constable. 60/-.
- Beethoven.** Briefe. In Auswahl herausgegeben von A. Leitzmann. [32nd thousand.] pp. xx. 309. Insel-Verlag: Leipzig. 4 M. [This selection was first published in 1909.]
- Hadow, W. H.: *Beethoven's Op. 18 Quartets*. pp. 64. Milford. 1/6. [One of the series entitled "The Musical Pilgrim."]
- Hellinghaus, O., ed.: *Beethoven Memoria di contemporanei, lettere, diari, etc.* [Trans. by C. Grünanger.] pp. 382. A. Nicola: Milan, 1925. 15 L. [The German original of this very useful collection was published in 1919.]
- Hévély, A. de: *Beethoven: vie intime. La véritable Beethoven, ses amours, ses déboires. D'après de nouveaux documents récemment découverts en Autriche*. pp. 250. Emile-Paul frères. 15 fr.
- Norlind, T.: *Beethoven och hans tid*. H. Gebers: Stockholm. 12 Kr.
- Belgian Music.** Van Aerde, R.: *Musicalia*. Documents pour servir à l'histoire de la musique, du théâtre et de la danse à Malines, xiv^e et xv^e siècles. pp. 72. H. Dierickx-Belle. Malines, 1926.
- Bells.** Rice, W. G.: *Carillon Music and Singing Towers of the Old World and the New*. illus. pp. xix. 397. John Lane. 16/-.
- Rosewater, V.: *The Liberty Bell, its history and significance*. illus. pp. 248. D. Appleton & Co.: New York, London. 15/75.
- Bibliography.** Anderton, B.: *Hand List of Music, Central Lending Library, Newcastle-upon-Tyne*. pp. 32. The Library. 1/-.
- Mies, P.: *Noten und Bücher*. Ein Wegweiser durch die musikalische Buch- und Notenliteratur für den Musikfreund. pp. 125. P. J. Tonger: Cologne, 1926. 2 M.
- Biography.** Meyer, W.: *Charakterbilder grosser Tonmeister. Persönliches und Intimes aus ihrem Leben und Schaffen, etc.* Bd. 4. pp. iv. 259. Velhagen & Klasing: Bielefeld. 4 M. 50. [The composers discussed in this volume are Chopin, Brahms, Bruckner and Reger.]
- Bizet.** Parker, D. C.: *Georges Bizet, his life and works*. pp. 278. Kegan Paul; J. Curwen & Sons. 7/6. [One of the series entitled "Masters of Music."]
- Brahms.** May, Florence: *Johannes Brahms*. [Trans. by L. Kirschbaum. 2nd ed.] pp. xvii. 314-369. Breitkopf. 12 M. [This translation was first published in 1912.]
- Pulver, J.: *Johannes Brahms*. pp. xiv. 876. Kegan Paul; J. Curwen and Sons. [One of the series entitled "Masters of Music."]
- Bruckner.** Kurth, E.: *Bruckner*. 2 vol. pp. ix. 1952. M. Hesse: Berlin. 28 M.
- Calendars.** Bosse, G., ed.: *Almanach der deutschen Musikbücherei*, 1926. pp. 407. G. Bosse: Regensburg. 6 M. [The title of this publication is somewhat misleading. "Deutsche Musikbücherei" is simply the name of a series of books on music issued by the publisher of the calendar. The

calendar, however, is full of interesting matter, all the articles in this issue being on the subject of Viennese music.]

Chopin. Valetta, I.: *Chopin: la vita, le opere*. illus. pp. 444. Fratelli Bocca: Turin. 15 L. [A reprint.]

Church Music. Hadow, Sir W. H.: *Church Music*. pp. 43. Longmans. 2/6. [One of the "Liverpool Diocesan Board of Divinity Publications." A plea for the maintenance of a high standard in the music chosen for use in the services of the Church.]

Moser, H. J.: *Die evangelische Kirchenmusik in volkstümlichem Überblick*. pp. 188. J. Engelhorn's Nachf.: Stuttgart. 5 M.

Concerts. *Beispiele für Konzertprogramme*. [New ed.] pp. 20. G. D. W. Callwey: Munich, 1925. 60 pf. [The 72nd "Flugschrift zur Ausdruckskultur" of the "Dürer-Bund."]

Conducting. Van den Boer, A.: *De psychologische beteekenis van Willem Mengelberg als Dirigent*. L. J. Veen: Amsterdam, 1925.

Contemporary Music. Heinsheimer, H., and Stefan, P., ed.: *25 Jahre neue Musik*. Jahrbuch der Universal-Edition. illus. pp. 333. Universal-Ed.: Vienna. 4 M.

La Musica contemporanea in Europa. Saggi critici di G. M. Gatti, Henry Prunières, Edward J. Dent, Philipp Jarnach, Boris de Schloezer, Guido Pannain. Note biografiche e bibliografiche. pp. 137. Bottega di Poesia: Milano, 1925. [Reprinted from the Sept.-Oct., 1924, number of the review "L'Esame."]

Counterpoint. Krehl, S.: *Beispiele und Aufgaben zum Kontrapunkt*. [4th ed.] pp. iv. 64. W. de Gruyter and Co.: Berlin. 3 M.

Criticism. Smith, A. Brent: *Studies and Caprices*. pp. vi. 185. Methuen. 5/- . [Reprinted papers, some of which have appeared in the pages of MUSIC AND LETTERS.]

Debussy. See under Modern Music. **Diaphony.** Stoin, V.: *Hypothèse sur l'origine bulgare de la diaphonie*. pp. 44. Imprimerie de la Cour: Sofia, 1925. 10 leva (1 fr. 50). [Pasc. 8 of a series entitled "La Bulgare d'aujourd'hui."]

Dictionaries. Della Corte, A., and Gatti, G. M.: *Dizionario di musica*. pp. viii. 469. G. P. Paravia: Turin: 26 L.

Dramatic Music. Aber, A.: *Die Musik im Schauspiel*. Geschichtliches und Ästhetisches. pp. 176. M. Beck: Leipzig. 4 M. 50

Dufay. Van den Borren, C.: *Guillaume Dufay, son importance dans l'évolution de la musique au 15ième siècle*. pp. 370. Marcel Hayez: Brussels.

Encyclopædias. Lavignac, A., ed.: *Encyclopédie de la musique et dictionnaire du Conservatoire*. Pt. 2. Technique, esthétique, pédagogie. vol. 2. Physiologie et technique vocales. Instruments à air. pp. 600. Delagrave. 80 fr. [The section "Instruments à air" deals with the organ, and includes articles by A. Guilmant ("La musique d'orgue") and A. Pirro ("L'Art des organistes").]

Folk Music. Greig, G.: *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*. Collected in Aberdeenshire by the late Gavin Greig and edited, with an introductory essay, collations, and notes, by Alexander Keith. pp. xlv. 320. Buchan Club: Aberdeen, 1925. 25/-.

Form. Jadassohn, S.: *Les Formes musicales dans les chefs-d'œuvres de l'art*. Cours analysé et systématiquement rangé en vue des études pratiques de l'élève et de l'autodidacte. [Trans. from the 2nd German ed. by W. Montillet.] pp. vi. 150. Breitkopf. 4 M. 80.

German Music. Schnoor, H.: *Musik der germanischen Völker im XIX und XX. Jahrhundert*. illus. pp. 136. F. Hirt: Breslau. 3 M. 50.

Gipsy Music. Liszt, F.: *The Gipsy in Music*. Englished for the first time by Edwin Evans. Preceded by an essay on Liszt and his work. illus. 2 vol. W. Reeves.

Greek Music. Perrett, W.: *Some Questions of Musical Theory*. Chapter I. How Olympos found his new scale. Chapter II. The Olympian. pp. 38. Heffer: Cambridge. 7/6. [Issued in a limited edition of 250 copies.]

Reinach, T.: *La Musique grecque*. pp. 208. Payot. 10 fr.

Gregorian Chant. Leone, G.: *Grammatica di canto gregoriano*. pp. xi. 91. G. Bardi: Rome, 1925. 6 L.

Sunyol, G.: *Introducción a la paleografía musical gregoriana*. illus. pp. ix. 409. Abadía de Montserrat (obtainable from H. Champion, Paris, or A. Lorentz, Leipzig). 25 ptas.

Harmony. Riemann, H.: *Manuel de l'harmonie*. 2^{me} ed. Traduit sur la 3^{me} édition allemande. pp. xiv. 248. Breitkopf. 6 M.

History. Respighi, O., and Luciani, S. A.: *Orpheus*. Iniziazione musicale, storia della musica. pp. 352. G. Barbera: Florence, 1925. 20 L.

Wolf, J.: *Sing- und Spielmusik aus älterer Zeit*. Herausgegeben als Beispielband zur Allgemeinen Musikgeschichte. pp. viii. 158. Quelle and Meyer: Leipzig. 2 M. 20. [Vol. 218 of the series "Wissenschaft und Bildung." A companion volume to part I of the author's "Geschichte der Musik in allgemeinverständlicher Form," published last year.]

Mies, P.: *Skizzen aus Geschichte und Ästhetik der Musik*. pp. 143. P. J. Tonger: Cologne. 4 M.

Honegger. See under **Modern Music**.

Horn. Pompecki, B.: *Jagd- und Waldhornschule für Signalhorn, Parforcehorn, Cornet-à-pistons, Waldhorn, etc.* [2nd ed., unaltered.] pp. iv. 218. J. Neumann: Neudamm. 4 M. [Contains an historical survey of horns in general and hunting horns in particular.]

Hymnology. Biehle, J.: *Die Zeilenschlüsse in den Melodien des evangelischen Gesangbuchs der Provinz Brandenburg*. pp. 16. Trowitsch and Sohn: Berlin. 60 pf.

Instrumentation. Evans, Edwin, sen.: *Method of Instrumentation*. How to write for the orchestra and arrange an orchestral or band score. Vol. I. How to write for strings. pp. 102. W. Reeves. 7/6.

Lange, A.: *Arranging for the Modern Dance Orchestra*. pp. x. 238 Arthur Lange, inc.: New York.

Mayerhoff, P.: *Instrumentenlehre*. [2nd ed., revised and enlarged.] 2 vol. W. de Gruyter & Co.: Berlin. Each 1 M. 50. [Nos. 437, 438 in the "Sammlung Götschen." Vol. I (pp. 116) contains the text, vol. II (pp. ii. 64) the musical illustrations.]

Instruments. Nef, C.: *Geschichte unserer Musikinstrumente*. illus. pp. viii. 104. Quelle & Meyer: Leipzig. 1 M. 80. [Vol. 223 of the series "Wissenschaft und Bildung."]

Jazz. See under **Modern Music**.

Mengelberg. See under **Conducting**.
Military Music. Mackenzie-Rogan, Lieut.-Col. J.: *Fifty Years of Army Music*. illus. pp. x. 255. Methuen. 15/-.

Modern Music. Cœuroy, A., ed.: *"La Musique moderne."* Collection dirigée par André Cœuroy, C. Aveline. [6 vols. are announced for subscription, the price of the ordinary edition being 100 fr. for the 6 vols. or 20 fr. for a vol. They are (1) Arthur Honegger, by A. George; (2) Le Jazz, by A. Cœuroy and A. Schaeffner; (3) Etudes, by D. Milhaud; (4) "Pelléas," by R. Jardillier; (5) *Musique et poésie*, by A. Suarès; (6) Igor Stravinski, by B. de Schloezer.]

Mozart. Chop, M.: *Mozarts Don Juan geschichtlich, szenisch und musik-*

alisch analysiert. pp. 104. Reclam: Leipzig. 40 pf. [No. 5436 in Reclam's Universal-Bibliothek. A reprint of the work first published in 1912.]

Leitzmann, A.: *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart*. Berichte der Zeitgenossen und Briefe, gesammelt und erläutert. illus. pp. 519. Insel-Verlag: Leipzig. 10 M. [A revised reissue in one volume of "Mozart's Persönlichkeit" (1914) and the compiler's selection of Mozart's letters (1910).]

Musical Profession. Patterson, Annie, W.: *The Profession of Music and how to prepare for it*. pp. xiii. 295. Wells, Gardner & Co., 5/-.

Negro Spirituals. Johnson, J. W., ed.: *The Book of American Negro Spirituals*. Edited with an introduction by James Walden Johnson. Musical arrangements by J. Rosamond Johnson. Additional numbers by Lawrence Brown. pp. 187. Chapman and Hall. 12/6.

Odum, H. W., and Johnson, G. B.: *The Negro and his Songs*. A study of typical Negro songs in the South. pp. x. 306. University of North Carolina Press: Chapel Hill; Milford: London, 1925. 5s.

Scarborough, Dorothy, and Gullledge, O. L.: *On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs*. pp. 289. Harvard University Press, 1925. 3s. 50.

Operetta. Guttman, O.: *Leerbuch [sic] der modernen Operetta*. pp. 84. Reuss & Pollack: Berlin, 1925. 2 M. 50.

Orchestral Music. Altman, W.: *Orchester - Literatur - Katalog*. Verzeichnis von seit 1850 erschienenen Orchester - Werken. [2nd ed., enlarged.] pp. vii. 227. P. E. C. Leuckart: Leipzig. 8 M. [First published in 1919.]

Parry. Graves, C. L.: *Hubert Parry, his life and works*. illus. 2 vol. Macmillan. 30/-.

Periodicals. *Jahrbuch der Musikbibliothek Peters*. Herausgegeben von Rudolf Schwartz. Jahrg. 32 (1925). pp. 107. C. F. Peters: Leipzig. 5 M.

Piano. Bonaventura, A.: *Storia e letteratura del pianoforte*. Seconda edizione riveduta e ampliata coll'aggiunta di un cenno sulla didattica e di una nota bibliografica. pp. viii. 182. R. Giusti: Leghorn, 1925. 4 L. 50.

Woodhouse, G.: *The Artist at the Piano*. [Revised ed.] pp. 51. W. Reeves, 1925. [First Published in 1910.] 3/-.

Primitive Music. D'Harcourt, R., and M.: *La Musique des Incas et ses survivances*. 2 vol. P. Geuthner: Paris. 200 fr. [The first vol. con-

tains the text (pp. vii. 574), the second consists of an atlas of 89 plates. An historical survey of the music of the regions roughly corresponding to the ancient empire of the Incas, viz., the Equator, Peru, and part of Bolivia, with an account of the popular music still in use to-day.]

Psychology. Ochs, S.: *Über die Art Musik zu hören*. Ein Vortrag. pp. 54. Werk-Verlag: Berlin. 1 M 60.

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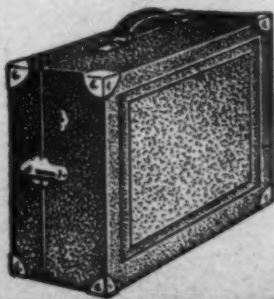
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